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"JEROME—A POOR MAN," A NEW SERIAL STORY BY MARY E. WILKINS, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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GETTING MONOTONOUS.

"EVERY TIME I GET HIM STARTED THAT FOOL BAND STARTS UP."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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HAWAII.

THERE are many signs indicating that immediately after the inauguration of Mr. MCKINLEY as President of the United States another attempt will be made to effect in hot haste the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to this republic. In anticipation of this attempt it will be well for the American people to consider calmly and soberly how their interests would be affected by the consummation of this scheme. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that we can have the Hawaiian Islands as a part of this Union if we want them, and that we can get them without any serious opposition on the part of any one of the great powers of the world. The question is whether we should take them under these circumstances. What will follow if we do?

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands would in a very important respect change our position in the world. So far our possessions have all been substantially continental. Owing to our abundant resources in men and wealth, an invasion of our territory by any foreign power or combination of powers is so hopeless that we may consider ourselves virtually unassailable in our continental stronghold. We have always been proud of the advantage we had over other nations in needing only a small standing army and navy for our defence. The Hawaiian Islands are 2000 miles distant from our Pacific coast. If we annex them they will be part of the territory of the United States, and in case of an embroilment with any foreign power will have to be defended as such. This will require not only large and costly fortifications and strong garrisons on the islands themselves, but also, to maintain them and our communication with them, very much larger naval and military establishments than we now have. In other words, we shall have added to our possessions a very vulnerable point, which will to a great extent deprive us of the most valuable privilege of being substantially secure without a big and costly standing armament.

Moreover, having this "outpost" in the ocean two thousand miles away from our nearest coast, we shall be told that we need other outposts to protect the first one, and for the accommodation of our fleet, and then that we need a still larger fleet to protect these additional outposts. In short, having once embarked in the policy of acquiring outlying possessions, there is no telling how far that policy will carry us away from our happy condition of unarmed peace and neutrality, nor how far it will drive us into a policy of hazardous adventure, imposing upon us the necessity of incalculable military and naval expenditures.

In the second place, it should not be forgotten that whenever we acquire new territory, it can, und r our political system, be done only with a view to the ultimate creation of new States. Our "Territorial" governments, such as are now carried on in Arizona, New Mexico, and so on, are necessarily only of a temporary nature. Sooner or later these "Territories" will be admitted as States, as recently Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Montana have been. It is true that their admission as States depends upon the discretion of Congress. But it is a well-known fact that in various instances Territories have been admitted as States not because Congress was fairly satisfied of their fitness for Statehood, but because the ruling party in Congress believed it would, by such admission, strengthen itself in the national Legislature and in the Electoral College with some additional votes.

If we annex the Hawaiian Islands they cannot be permanently governed as a sort of satrapy without doing violence to the fundamental principles of our system of government. Nor could such far-away possessions be so governed, in the long-run, without adding new elements of corruption and demoralization to those which already taint our political life, and present one of the most serious problems we have to deal with. But it is probable, if not certain, that Hawaii, after having had a Territorial government for some time, would, on occasion, for political reasons, be precipitated as a State into the Union, just as other Territories of questionable fitness for Statehood have been. Now such a State will have the privilege not only of governing itself, but also of taking part, through its Senators, Representatives, and Electors, in governing the Union. And what kind of a State would Hawaii be? What sort of contribution would it make to the government of this republic?

The population of the Hawaiian Islands consists of a very small number of Americans, Englishmen, and Germans, and of a comparatively very large number of natives, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese. Its government is now republican in name, but a government by a small number of usurpers in fact. Of popular self-government as we understand it, and as it forms the basis of our political system, there is no semblance at present, and no prospect in the future. Indeed, Mr. JOHN W. FOSTER, one of the principal advocates of annexation, admits that the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands are not able "to govern themselves for any great length of time, by reason of the clash between the different elements, republican and royalist, and natives and foreigners." This would seem to be a very good reason for not admitting them into a political system of which self-government is the very foundation. And if they cannot govern themselves, should they be permitted to take part in governing the United States? The question answers itself. It is useless to say that if the Hawaiian Islands were annexed by the United States they would be peopled with Americans. Universal experience teaches us that in countries with a tropical climate, such as Hawaii has, the working force—that is, the great mass of the population—never consists of the Anglo Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, the Germanic race. That race may be the strongest in intelligence, wealth, and directing power, but it will always be the weakest in numbers. It may, therefore, be able to carry on there any sort of government except a democracy. The bulk of the population in such countries will always consist of elements to which the climate is congenial—such people as are now largely in the majority in Hawaii, and as are notoriously unfit for self-government in our sense.

Having annexed the Hawaiian Islands, and being thus fairly launched on the course of indiscriminate aggrandizement, we shall be likely to go on annexing other countries, with populations equally heterogeneous, and they too will, in the course of time, take part in governing the United States. What will be the end? There is great anxiety among some of our people about a few thousand undesirable immigrants coming into this country, for fear that they might lower the standard of our citizenship; and laws are made to avert this danger. But at the same time schemes are set on foot to bring into this Union populations far more undesirable, not merely by thousands, but eventually by millions—and this under conditions under which their assimilation will be impossible. Can two things be more absurdly inconsistent with each other?

Of what benefit, then, is the annexation of Hawaii to be to this republic? We are told that it is to bring with it certain commercial advantages, and naval stations and coaling depots for our fleet. But can we not have all these things without annexing those islands? Every well-informed person knows that Hawaii will necessarily be under the influence of the United States, and that all the advantages we have not already will be gladly granted to us for the asking. Why, then, burden ourselves with any political responsibility for those islands? But we are told that unless we annex Hawaii some other power will. This is an old trick of the annexationists, to which they resort on every similar occasion. They prophesied the same thing when San Domingo was to be annexed, and the prediction proved utterly groundless. So it will in this case. No foreign power will lay its hands upon the Hawaiian Islands against the protest of the United States. And that protest will carry all the greater moral authority if it is known that there is no scheme of acquisition on our part behind it.

Why, then, should the American people favor the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, thus embarking upon an adventurous policy of indiscriminate aggrandizement, abandoning the wise and safe traditions of our government, throwing away the inestimable privilege of doing without large and costly armaments, taking upon themselves the burdens for which we have so condescendingly pitied the nations of the Old World, and opening the way to other annexations apt to inject into our political system populations of an utterly incongruous and dangerous character—and all this in order to gain some advantages which we may have without any of these risks and sacrifices? We commend this question to the sober sense of the American people for calm consideration in anticipation of the wild scheme which is likely soon to be sprung upon us.

THE CUBAN RESOLUTION.

THE Foreign Relations committee of the United States Senate, in adopting a resolution recognizing the independence of the "Republic of Cuba," is guilty of a gross blunder, which includes a hostile act against Spain, a blow at the business interests of the country, and an encroachment upon the right and power of the President. It is, moreover, based upon an untruth, for it assumes the existence of a government in Cuba of which not one of the Senators who voted for this resolution has any sufficient proof.

No such resolution as this was ever passed by Congress. It was introduced by Senator CAMERON, and made more offensive to Spain and more repugnant to our own Constitution and our own precedents and tradition by the Senate committee. We do not know who prepared Senator CAMERON'S resolution and report. We do know that the reputed author is much too dull a man to have any opinion worth expressing on the subject, or any power to express one. We are not surprised that having been prompted to take a position in favor of the recognition of Cuban independence by this government, Senator CAMERON did not know that the Constitution intrusts our foreign relations to the Executive. We are surprised, however, that his fellow-members of the Foreign Relations committee are as ignorant as Senator CAMERON; or, if they are not, that they are willing to bring the fundamental law into contempt by defying it, either for theatrical or personal objects, or, worse yet, for the reckless and wicked purpose of compelling a war.

The resolution is as follows:

> *Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the independence of the republic of Cuba be and the same is hereby acknowledged by the United States of America.
>
> SEC. 2.—That the United States will use its friendly offices with the government of Spain to bring to a close the war between Spain and Cuba.

This is not a request that the President shall recognize the republic of Cuba, but recognition itself. From 1817 to 1822 HENRY CLAY was eagerly urging the recognition of the South American republics. Notwithstanding Senator DAVIS'S assertion that there has never been a conflict between Congress and the Executive on this subject, Mr. CLAY did his best to force President MONROE to recognize the South American republics, but he never once undertook to induce Congress to usurp the President's power. His attitude on this subject was disclosed in a resolution which he offered in the Sixteenth Congress, in which the House, after expressing its sympathy with the struggling South Americans, resolved that it "will give its constitutional support to the President of the United States whenever he may deem it expedient to recognize the sovereignty and independency of any of the said provinces." He was also foremost in urging recognition of Texas; but in a report made by him from the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, in 1836, he said: "The President of the United States, by the Constitution, has the charge of their foreign intercourse. Regularly he ought to take the initiative in the acknowledgment of the independence of any new power." He argued that if, in the opinion of Congress, the President were tardy in the performance of his duty, "he may be quickened in the exercise of his power by the expression of the opinion, or by other acts, of one or both branches of Congress." The report included the following resolution, which, as a contrast to that now pending in the Senate, is worth quoting:

> *Resolved,* That the independence of Texas ought to be acknowledged by the United States whenever satisfactory information shall be received that it has in successful operation a civil government capable of performing the duties and fulfilling the obligations of an independent power.

There has been heretofore little, if any, dispute as to the branch of the government with which the power of recognition rests. Mr. SEWARD said in 1864 that "the question of recognition . . . is one exclusively for the Executive," and the Supreme Court has decided in a dozen cases that "the

judiciary follows the Executive on the question of the recognition of belligerent rights.

The Senate committee has proposed that Congress shall usurp this power of the President. This is its first offence. In the second place, it proposes that the United States shall violate all the principles laid down by its Presidents and its Secretaries of State, and recognize a government that does not exist. The kind of government requisite to satisfy the rule is described in Mr. CLAY'S resolution, and no one will contend that the insurgents have established such a government in Cuba. Like belligerency, the question of independence is one of fact, and it cannot be recognized until it exists. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS said that independence ought to be recognized when "the independence is established as a matter of fact, so as to leave the chance of the opposite party to recover their dominion utterly desperate." Presidents JACKSON and TAYLOR, Secretaries FORSYTH, BUCHANAN, CLAYTON, MARCY, CASS, SEWARD, and others have recognized and followed this rule. Indeed, it is the rule of this government that the independence of a revolutionary government shall not be recognized until, as Mr. SEWARD said, "it is established by the great body of the population of the state it claims to govern."

Within the intent and meaning of this definition, there is no such government known as the "republic of Cuba," and therefore a recognition of one would be a pretence and an untruth, which, if it were made by the President, who can alone recognize new states, would be at least an unfriendly act—perhaps an act of war. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS said, in 1822, that "when a sovereign has a reasonable hope of maintaining his authority over insurgents, the acknowledgment of the independence of such insurgents would be an international wrong."

The truth is that, with MACEO dead, the insurrection is presumably less formidable than it was three weeks ago. Then there was no government in Cuba except the government of Spain, and then it was probable that the time was approaching when Spain would demonstrate her incapacity to hold the island. So imminent was this catastrophe to Spain that it is clear, from his message, that Mr. CLEVELAND was anticipating a condition of affairs in the island that would compel him to notify the Spanish government that the war must be finished within a specified time. But now that Spain has a breathing-spell, the Jingoes of the Senate rush eagerly into the field of international relations, insisting that the Constitution shall be overturned, the power of the President usurped, and that the United States shall interfere, with arms if necessary, against Spain and in behalf of the insurgents. If we are to declare war, would it not be better to be honest about it? If we say that there is a republic of Cuba, entitled to be received into the family of nations, we simply assert an untruth. If we want to help the insurgents gain their liberty, why not frankly and truthfully say so, and join them in the field of war? Will any sane Jingo Senator favor such activity?

The country and the civilized world may be thankful that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations cannot pass resolutions. As Secretary OLNEY truly says, its members have expressed their opinion. That is all. The Senate itself may not agree with them. If it does, the House of Representatives may disagree. If both Houses are mad, the President is sane. Probably the Jingoes have counted on this. There are many days before this blundering and ignorant bit of Jingoism can reach the President. Meantime the danger of war comes from the angered Spanish people, who may drive their government to extremities; and while this danger may not be imminent, it is not to be despised. It is brought clearly before us by the news that came from London on the day after Christmas, to the effect that the European powers have notified the United States that they cannot remain impassive if this country recognizes the independence of Cuba. There is certainly no reason why European powers should not defend their holdings against an action on our part involving the assertion of our right and duty to aid any colonial rebellion on this hemisphere. Nothing but the delicate international situation in Europe can prevent the powers from aiding Spain if war is thrust upon her. And why may not a truce be arranged for the purpose of permitting Germany or France, for example, to protect European interests on this side of the water? This threat of war is one of the things that have stopped the revival of business. The ruin that has followed this check to prosperity must some day be accounted for by the politicians who, despite the recent dangerous revolt against their legislation and their conduct in the past, are refusing to attend to the crying needs of their country, and are inviting the contempt and distrust of the civilized world by their disregard of the law of nations and of truth itself.

THE YEAR 1896.

THE year 1896 has been an anxious one both in America and in Europe. It opened with an almost universal embroilment of nations, and although it has witnessed no war of any consequence, the strained relations that existed at its birth have not been wholly relaxed. While there are doubtful rumors of a coming settlement in eastern Europe, and while the President's threatening proclamation concerning Venezuela has been followed by a diplomatic triumph of which he may well be proud—by a most happy adjustment of our relations with Great Britain, and by the promise of an application of the principle of arbitration to all disputes between the two English-speaking powers—Congress, with a blind folly, seems resolved to provoke a war with Spain.

In our domestic affairs we have escaped a deadly peril, but it cannot be said that the future is any brighter than it was twelve months ago. A socialistic revolt has been overthrown by the patriotism, the honesty, and the sterling good sense of the American people; but the motive of that revolt exists and remains operative. It induced thousands of honest men to espouse the cause of BRYAN, notwithstanding the dangerous follies which were advocated by him and his Populist friends, and it is clear that we shall have a still greater revolt unless something is done to allay the sense of wrong that expressed itself in nearly 6,500,000 votes for a man so wholly unworthy that twenty years ago the mere mention of the name of such a candidate would have been greeted with derision. And yet not a single leader in the House of Congress has shown any disposition to set about the task of removing any just cause of complaint. On the contrary, the first thought of the prevailing party is to devise methods by which the need of the country for more revenue—if there be such need—may be taken advantage of for the laying of increased taxes on the complaining people for the further enrichment of the favorites of tariff legislation. So far as can be judged at this writing, the politicians who make our laws have not yet brought the full measure of punishment upon us for the sin of choosing our meanest minds for our high places.

At the beginning of the year the money in the Treasury was at so low an ebb that the Secretary was obliged to sell more bonds for the purpose of maintaining the gold reserve. On the 1st of January this reserve was $63,262,268, and on the 1st of February it had fallen to $49,845,507. On the 6th of January Mr. CARLISLE offered to the public $100,000,000 of thirty-year 4 per cent. bonds. The bids were opened on the 5th of February, and they were found to amount to $568,269,850. There was confidence felt somewhere and by some people in the integrity of the government. But Congress did nothing to justify the confidence. On December 28, 1895, the House had passed a bill the first section of which authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 3 per cent. bonds, redeemable in five years and payable in fifteen years, for the purpose of maintaining the gold reserve. This section was passed, on a call of the ayes and noes, by a vote of 171 to 136. The second section authorized the issue of 3 per cent. bonds, redeemable in three years at the pleasure of the Secretary, for the purpose of meeting deficiencies. This section was adopted without a division. The Senate Committee on Finance transformed this needed measure of relief into a bill providing for the free coinage of silver, and passed the new measure, after some further amendments, by a vote of 42 to 35. Subsequently, on February 14, the House refused to concur in the Senate free-coinage amendment by a vote of 215 to 90. This vote greatly encouraged the friends of sound money. The House also passed a revenue bill, known as the DINGLEY bill. It was subsequently reported to the Senate by the Senate Finance Committee, changed also into a free-coinage measure, and on an effort being made to take up the bill for consideration, five Republican Senators—CARTER, DUBOIS, JONES, MANTLE, and TELLER—voted with the Democrats, and gave them a majority. Subsequently Senator DUBOIS announced that he would not vote for any revenue measure not coupled with a free-coinage provision, and intimated that his four Republican associates agreed with him. No measure for the reform of the currency was even considered by Congress. Several bills and resolutions were introduced, only to be buried in committee. Thus the session expired without the enactment of any law for the cure of the evils that were distressing business men, decreasing importations, killing trade, ruining merchants, driving working-men out of employment, and decreasing the revenues of the government. For the three years 1894, 1895, and 1896 the deficiencies in revenue, compared with expenditures, aggregated $137,811,738. The appropriations in 1884, 1885, 1886 were, respectively, $187,911,566, $137,451,398, and $170,608,114. In these three years the receipts of the government exceeded the appropriations by from $160,000,000 to $185,000,000 a year. But for the three years of deficiency (1894, 1895, and 1896) Congress appropriated, respectively, $319,011,847, $301,788,820, and $293,057,105. Not only was nothing done to bring relief to the Treasury or to save the business interests of the country from the consequences of the world-wide fear that the United States was about to go to a silver basis, but the burdens on the Treasury were increased by reckless extravagance, and the fear of silver monometallism was intensified by the votes and the action of the Senate.

To add to the troubles that beset the country, to embarrass the administration in the discharge of its duties, to increase still more the disgrace which it had already brought upon the country, and to give still further evidence of its own incapacity, Congress undertook to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, although every particle of evidence which the two Houses possessed on the subject showed that there was no ground within the contemplation of the definition of belligerency in international law for any such action by this government. Concurrent resolutions were passed by the House and by the Senate, but the two bodies never came together as to the precise terms in which their futile falsehood should be framed.

The politics of the country were in this condition when the time for the Presidential campaign approached. In view of the large vote against the free coinage of silver in the House of Representatives, there had been a general but somewhat timid hope that neither party would commit itself to the dangerous dogma. Early in the preliminary campaign it was evident that Mr. MCKINLEY would be nominated, and every effort was made to secure from him a declaration in favor of the maintenance of the single gold standard, but without effect. The Republican candidate remained silent. The Republican National Convention met at St. Louis, and on the 18th of June nominated WILLIAM MCKINLEY, of Ohio, and GARRET A. HOBART, of New Jersey, as candidates for President and Vice-President. The advocates of the gold standard were eminently successful in their efforts to secure a declaration for gold in the platform.

The Democratic convention met in Chicago on the 7th of July, and nominated WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, of Nebraska, and ARTHUR SEWALL, of Maine, for President and Vice-President. Subsequently, at a convention held at St. Louis from the 22d to the 25th of July, the Populists nominated Mr. BRYAN for President and THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, for Vice-President. The National Silver party, at a convention held also at St. Louis, nominated BRYAN and SEWALL. At Indianapolis, on the 2d of September, those Democrats who believed in sound money and were opposed to socialism and sectionalism, nominated JOHN M. PALMER, of Illinois, for President, and SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, of Kentucky, for Vice-President. Mr. BRYAN stood not only for free coinage of silver, but for Populism and socialism; for state ownership of methods of transportation, of telegraph and telephone lines; for interference with the right of free contract; and for the packing of the Supreme Court for the purpose of carrying out the Populistic programme by declaring Populistic legislation constitutional. Notwithstanding the dangerous tendencies and principles that Mr. BRYAN represented, he received 6,498,857 individual votes and 171 electoral votes. Mr. MCKINLEY was chosen President, receiving 7,122,724 votes and 276 electoral votes. The danger of the socialistic attack was escaped, but the evils which induced many men to vote for Mr. BRYAN remain unremedied. The deficiency for the present year promises to reach the great sum of $70,000,000. Business that sprang into new life after Mr. MCKINLEY'S election has relapsed into a dulness that promises much distress and ruin, and Congress can think of nothing but Jingo resolutions and new and disturbing tariff legislation.

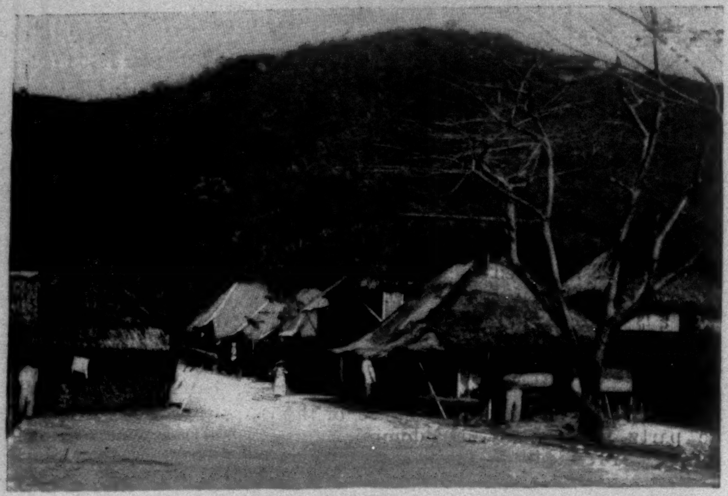
The great fact in Europe is the headship of Russia. The Czar, NICHOLAS II., was crowned at Moscow on May 22, and on August 25 he and the Czarina set out on a journey of visitation to Austria, Germany, Great Britain, and France. Everywhere there was manifested a nervous eagerness to win the good-will of the young ruler; but France, Russia's ally, broke forth in a frenzy of joy that would have been more remarkable, considering the different principles that underlie the two governments, were it not for the fact that the Russian alliance puts an end to the isolation which had been the lot of France since the German Empire was established in the old palace at Versailles. Thus far Russia has reaped all the benefits of the alliance; and when, near the close of the year, M. HANOTAUX, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, proposed an international supervision of Turkish finances, for the protection of French bondholders, Russia refused its sanction.

Turkish affairs have not bettered. Russia has prevented concerted action, and no one of the great powers has dared to move alone. Assassinations have continued to occur, but a wholesale killing that followed the attack by some supposed Armenians upon the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople resulted in such a general outburst of indignation throughout Europe that some interference seemed imminent. Our own government has taken steps to protect American interests and American missionaries in the East, and is pressing a claim against the Turkish government for the payment of damages for the destruction of American property in Turkey. A new Jingo element has sprung up in this country over the Armenian question, and there is hostile shouting against the unspeakable Turk. Even the Senate has undertaken to instruct the signatory powers to the Berlin Treaty as to their duties in the premises. As the year closes there are rumors of a treaty between Russia, France, and Great Britain to compel reforms in the Turkish government.

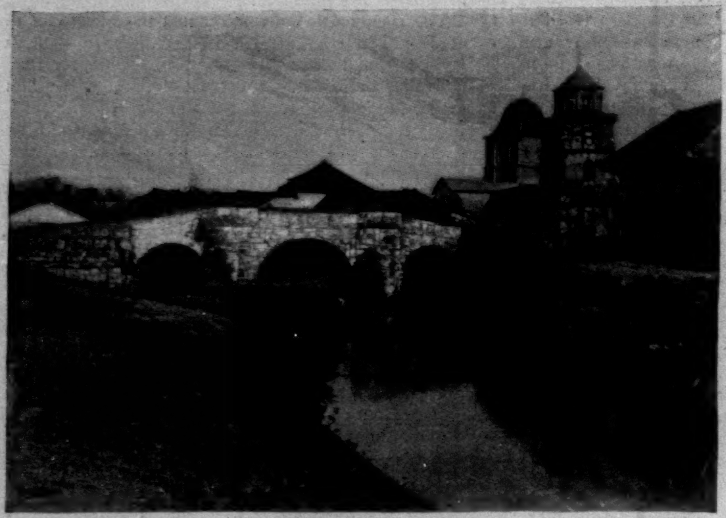
In January Dr. JAMESON made his raid on the Transvaal, and met with his defeat at the hands of President KRUGER. Subsequently Dr. JAMESON and his companions were tried in London and sentenced to imprisonment. Dr. JAMESON has been recently released on the ground of ill health. In the course of the proceedings it was made clear, partly through cipher telegrams that President KRUGER captured, that CECIL RHODES and the South African Company originated the raid. Five members of the Reform Committee were tried and sentenced to death, but were soon pardoned. The German Emperor's telegram to President KRUGER, congratulating him on the defeat of the raiders, caused an intensely bit-

(Continued on page 20.)

RAPID TRANSIT ON BROADWAY, MANILA.



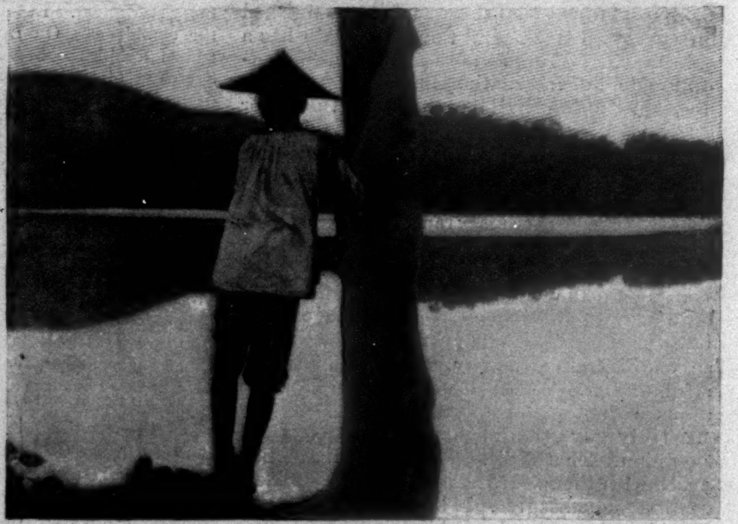
NATIVE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE IN THE HILL DISTRICT.



BRIDGE ACROSS SIDE STREAM, MANILA.

VILLAGE OF PAGSANJAN, NEAR MANILA—A STRONGHOLD OF THE REVOLUTION.

ONE OF THE BIG BUSINESS OFFICES, MANILA.



THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

MARKET-TIME IN THE PLAZA, MANILA.

MANILA TYPES—NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

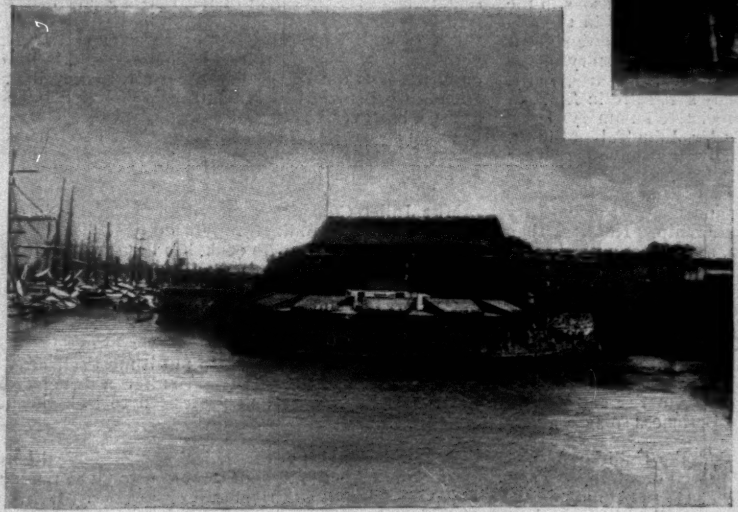
THE REVOLT IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—SCENES IN MANILA.—[SEE PAGE 18.]

A COCOANUT RAFT BOUND FOR MANILA FROM UP COUNTRY.

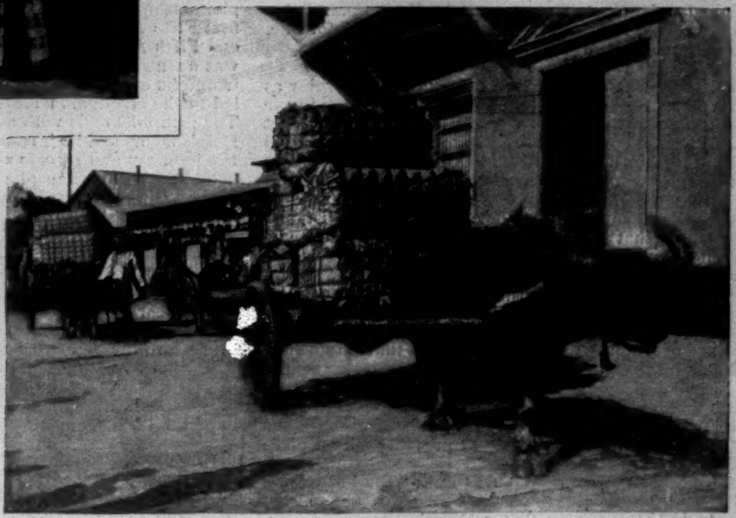
A SUBURBAN FERRY ON THE PASIG RIVER.

ALONG THE QUAY.

PLOUGHING THE RICE-FIELDS WITH THE WATER-BUFFALO.



THE BLACK-HOLE OF MANILA—A FORT NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO PASIG RIVER.



A LOAD OF HEMP JUST FROM THE PRESS.

A STREET IN THE SUBURBS WITH THE NIPA COTTAGES.

THE REVOLT IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—SCENES IN MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS.—[See Page 18.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BOSTON has lost a citizen of note, and one very greatly liked and respected, in Henry L. Pierce, who died from a paralytic seizure on December 18, at the house of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, in Mt. Vernon Street. He was a bachelor, and for many years had been a very intimate and devoted friend of Mr. Aldrich and his family. He was the manager of the Baker chocolate factory in Dorchester, and was a man of notable integrity, and of a capacity for business which made him rich enough to gratify generous dispositions which were continuous and very comprehensive. He was Mayor of Boston in 1872, after the great fire; was Representative in Congress for four years prior to 1877, and in that year was re-elected Mayor. During his terms as Mayor he reorganized the Fire, Health, and Police departments of the city. In Congress, though a Republican, he opposed the Force Bill, and in the contested election of 1876 voted against counting the vote of Louisiana. His disposition to follow his own conscience in political matters led him in 1884 to bolt the Republican nomination and to support Cleveland as an independent. He acted after that with the Independent Democrats, until last fall, when he supported McKinley. He was a firm supporter of civil-service reform in Massachusetts, and for a number of years was president of the New England Civil-Service Reform League. He was a large-hearted and large-minded man, of a type that is needed in every community, and never spared without public and private lamentation. When he took office he administered it strictly and conscientiously for the public good. He gave with liberality and kindness to public and private objects alike, and seemed in all respects the sort of man whose success in life is a general gain. He liked books, and had a fine library, and liked writers, too, as appears from his well-known intimacy with Mr. Aldrich. His will reads like the last testament of a fairy godfather. He left about half a million in round comfortable sums to charities and public uses; the better part of a million in even more satisfactory amounts to thirteen of his associates in business, including the twin sons of Mr. Aldrich; a fortune of $200,000 and his country-place to Mr. Aldrich and his wife; and a farm of 400 acres to the Park Commission of Boston. These bequests took about half of his fortune, the other moiety going to his brother and his family.

Mr. Moody was quoted in the *Herald* the other day as saying that "there is hardly a name so unpopular in the world to-day as that of Jesus Christ." He thought that if Christ should come back to earth to-day no room would be found for him; that Christian nations would not want him; that he would not be welcome in England or in America.

Every Christian has his own conception of Christ, and it is possible that there are a good many Christians who would not find themselves in sure sympathy on all points with the Christ of Mr. Moody's ideal. But surely Mr. Moody is mistaken in supposing that "Christ" is an unpopular name in Christendom. A better opinion seems to be that no name approaches it in popularity; that no name is so reverenced and regarded, and that no ideal of character inspires so much attention, such constant and often perplexed thought, such admiration and such devotion, as that which that name stands for. Mrs. Ward (Miss Phelps) did not seem to be of Mr. Moody's mind when she wrote the remarkable story of the preacher whose place the Saviour took. There were two services at which "St. Agatha's Supply" officiated. At the first the impression made was profound; at the second the church could not begin to hold the throng that gathered. A second coming of Christ would undoubtedly be staggering to the nerves. It might disturb vested interests, and settled states of mind. It would be disconcerting. People would be extremely slow to believe in it. People who are very confident that heaven is a delightful place, and that they are sure to go there, are usually reluctant to start until they are absolutely convinced that their time has come. So as to the coming of Christ. Folks who are interested in life and are making fair progress in their experience of its vicissitudes might not be rapturously eager at first thought to have the conditions of their existence upset and their environment set askew from any cause. A large proportion of the best people in the world are conservative in their feelings, and instinctively averse to violent changes; but once let Christendom be really convinced that Christ was on earth, there would be a scattering of dry leaves and an outburst of emotion that would surprise Mr. Moody.

Perhaps it is natural enough that a man who makes it his business to stir up sinners should come in time to underestimate the immense power and popularity of religion. Besides the good people whose religious professions are conspicuous, there are multitudes of others whose religious sentiment is profound and constant, and who, while very possibly they are not so sure of anything as Mr. Moody is of everything, yet keep a very tight hold of such Christian beliefs and principles as they have managed to secrete, and make constant use of them in the regulation of their conduct. To these people, as to others of somewhat different type, the presence on earth of the embodiment of truth, of love, and of power would be an event of incomparable interest. Life itself is only relatively interesting. Offer an interest of greater moment, and life loses its consequence. To millions of people the coming of Christ would be such an interest. Once convinced of its actuality, nothing else would seem of serious concern.

Mr. Moody seems to forget that when Christ came to earth before, his reputation was still to be made. If he should return, he would come to a world where his character and history are familiar.

A visitor, described as a scientist from London, has been to see the Keeley motor, and describes himself, in the London *Globe*, as greatly impressed with it, and of the opinion that Mr. Keeley "has certainly discovered a new force, which ought eventually to be of inestimable value in the workshop of the world." The motor is now of inestimable value—that being the particular thing that seems to ail it. The London gentleman saw Mr. Keeley's wheel go round, and was amazed, as were the other scientists present, who found no evidence of the working of any power they knew of, but yet felt sure they were in the presence of something wonderful and beyond their comprehension. Mr. Keeley explained, but did not help matters, his explanations being "couched in hopelessly obscure language." The most the visitor could make out was that the wheel was kept in motion "by some occult sympathy, allied in a certain way to the elements of music."

Mr. Keeley may never perfect his mysterious apparatus, but he has at least so far interested the public that if he should write his autobiography truthfully and in clear and lively language it might find readers. The world would be glad to know more about his machine, and as he and his experiences and intellectual processes seem a very important part of it, it might prove ready to acquaint itself with them.

It is an uncommonly interesting record of activity and achievement that Mr. E. A. Dithmar has put between the red covers of the "Memories of Daly's Theatres," which was distributed at the opening night of Daly's this fall. It covers thirty-five years of the labors of Mr. Augustin Daly as playwright and manager, from before the time (December 8, 1862) when *Leah the Forsaken*, his first acted play, adapted from Mosenthal's *Deborah*, was brought out in Boston, to be acted the following month at Niblo's in New York. At that time Mr. Daly was twenty-four years old, playwriter by avocation, journalist and dramatic critic by profession. Mr. Dithmar tells how for the next seven years he divided his labors between the newspaper-office and the theatre, uncertain which to cleave to, working with noteworthy diligence as newspaper man and dramatic critic, and at the same time adapting and writing many plays, some of which succeeded exceedingly well. During this period he dramatized *Griffith Gaunt*, writing in four days a play that held the stage of the New York Theatre for seven weeks, wrote *Under the Gaslight* and *A Flash of Lightning*, helped to dramatize Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood*, and was manager for Mrs. Scott-Siddons when she appeared in *As You Like It* at the New York Theatre in 1868. At the beginning of 1869 he had about determined to concentrate his energies upon journalism, but the unexpected chance to become manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which suddenly offered, settled his fate and gave New York a manager in whose success she has the best of reasons to rejoice.

Mr. Dithmar's "Memories" cover the incidents, exploits, people, and plays of Mr. Daly's four seasons in the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, of his five seasons in the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, and of Daly's Theatre since it was opened in 1879. They include also the story of the triumphs of Mr. Daly's company in foreign parts, which led to the erection, in 1891, of Daly's Theatre in London. The pamphlet ends with an appreciative summary of Mr. Daly's labors and their results, by Mr. John Talbot Smith. His industry and success as a playwright have been very notable. Besides the plays already mentioned, he wrote *Pique*, *Divorce*, and *Horizon*, dramatized *Pickwick* and Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife*, and adapted some forty plays of French or German authorship. Not less than seventy productions of his own, says Mr. Smith, has he written or adapted, and staged; forty plays of other writers he has staged; and produced, besides, fifteen plays of Shakespeare and twenty-two old comedies. Great good luck it is for every one concerned when the right man drops into the right place. That evidently happened in 1869 when Mr. Daly commenced managing. America has shared the profits of that good fortune for nearly thirty years, and Europe for ten, and both America and Europe hope for a long continuance of experiences so agreeable.

In Utah they seem to think that the traditional spice which variety lends to life may as well qualify death also when it is possible, so they give convicted criminals the choice of being hanged or shot. In Pennsylvania there seems to be imperfect satisfaction with the present method of capital punishment, and a movement is understood to be afoot to substitute gas for the hangman's rope and the electric chair. Capital punishment grates on the sensibilities of contemporary Americans, and many of those who think its retention necessary in restraint of homicide would willingly see the method of it modified.

Owing, doubtless, to the efforts of the New York *Sun* to gain support for Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's work among the sick of the East Side, the public begins to recognize that her labors deserve its co-operation, and acknowledgments begin to be made of gifts of money received. The disease which has especially excited Mrs. Lathrop's interest is cancer, but sickness and distress of any sort seem to receive from her such care and help as she is enabled to give. Her headquarters are at No. 1 Scammel Street. The *Sun* receives and acknowledges gifts in aid of her work.

It is some recompense for the inconvenience of having Fifth Avenue torn up to know that the laying of the big new water-mains is likely to hasten the time when the reservoir at Forty-second Street will give place to the new public library on the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. Since the new pipes have begun to be laid the Board of Fire Underwriters has withdrawn its objections to the demolition of the reservoir, and on December 22 the Board of Aldermen passed a resolution favoring its removal, and putting its site, along with the rest of Bryant Park, under the Park Commissioners' control. If the Mayor concurs with the Aldermen, steps for the completion of the project to build the library on the reservoir site may be expected to follow.

There are signs of an impending literary revolt against the Scotch. The remarkable success of sundry Scotch writers during the last three or four years has stirred up both jealousy and sharp competition. The writers who cannot write Scotch are jealous; those who can are naturally enough disposed to put their talent out at usury. If the Scotch writers' only strong point were the ability to fabricate the Scotch dialect, there would be a good prospect of driving them out of the field, for the Scotch dialect has its difficulties for many readers, and though they like it, the novelty of it in time wears off, and then the inability to understand the words works in some measure to its disadvantage. Unfortunately, however, for their rivals, many of the Scotsmen have good ideas, marketable moral purposes, and good stories to tell, and having their hand once in, are likely to be slow about withdrawing it. Several of them, too, can do at a pinch a good turn in comprehensible English, and would probably make no scruple of hitching on to a new vehicle of expression if at any time there seemed to be promise of profit in the change.

Mr. Bryan is extant still, and still active. There are rumors that he purposes to lecture during the winter, and, like other lecturers, he does not absolutely divorce the desire to disseminate ideas from the possibility of pecuniary betterment. A proposition that he should discourse in Albany under the auspices of the G.A.R. of Albany County is reported to have been met by his manager with the suggestion that he should receive 75 per cent. of the gross receipts, and that at least $3500 should be guaranteed to him. At that rate the emoluments of lecturing would make the rewards of opera-singers seem somewhat pitiful. But Mr. Bryan has voice enough to fill a very large hall, and has had advertising enough to encourage him in the expectation of drawing very large houses. Whether or not he will do so his experiment will determine, and the result, though not of critical significance, will be interesting to note.

It appears that one of the new countries which are next to surprise the world is Siberia. The surveyors and investigators who have been looking into its resources and possibilities along the proposed line of the trans-Siberian railway report, as is no doubt their business, that it has most things that ought to be stored in a great undeveloped country—minerals to burn and others to smelt, great stretches of agricultural land, abundant wood, navigable rivers, and numerous other possibilities of emolument. It is possible that if ever the raw materials of civilization which Russia controls are worked up, the United States will be relieved of the embarrassment of believing itself to be the greatest thing on earth.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* complains of certain caricatures of Commissioner Roosevelt, composed by Harry Furniss, and lately published in the *Herald's* Sunday edition, which he thinks do injustice to the particular type of American beauty which Mr. Roosevelt represents. It is true that Mr. Furniss's distortions of the Roosevelt physiognomy were as bad as the worst, and that is saying much, for the current pictorial misrepresentations of the president of the Police Board look more like some of the creatures that skulk in the dark corners of the sea than like anything that ever was on earth. Exaggeration, however, when it is violent enough, is its own cure, and it is not likely that either Mr. Roosevelt or his friends are disturbed by Mr. Furniss's sketches. One gets so used, however, to the grotesque portrayals, that to come upon an actual likeness of Mr. Roosevelt gives a sudden shock followed by sensations of surprise that he really looks like a human being.

Miss Juliet Corson, a woman who for years has practised that form of philanthropy which finds its expression in teaching people how to cook, has been overtaken by illness which is almost hopeless, and which incapacitates her from self-support. The New York Association of Teachers of Cookery is trying to raise a fund for her relief and future support. Miss Cornelia C. Bedford, president of the association, receives subscriptions. Her address is 16 East 131st Street. It is impolitic, to put it most selfishly, that greedy human creatures should suffer a benefactor of Miss Corson's services and profession to lack the necessaries of life.

Bronx Park, with the Botanical and Zoological gardens in it, would be a region of strong enough attractions to make it an important rival of Central Park itself. The Botanical Garden is assured to it. The land (250 acres) has been assigned, and $250,000 subscribed toward its equipment and plantations. Its plans have been worked out and accepted by the Park Commissioners, and all is ready for their fulfilment. The Zoological Garden is not so far along. Its application, recently submitted to the Sinking Fund Commissioners, for 261 acres at the southern end of Bronx Park was made after careful examination of all the city's outlying park lands, and in the conviction consequent upon that investigation that the tract asked for was in all respects the best adapted of any available to the purposes intended. On this application action has not yet been taken; but if it is granted, as is likely, the New York Zoological Society, which has the project in charge, will call upon its backers for $100,000 of the $250,000 which it is to raise, and begin to make provision for carrying out its plans. These, as has lately been very fully explained in the newspapers, include a collection of animals much more numerous than any that has yet been gathered in this country heretofore, the construction of suitable houses for such as are not suited to live out-of-doors in this climate, and the arrangement of shelters and ranges, where such animals as the climate does suit can live, as nearly as possible, under natural conditions. Lions and tigers, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, snakes, camels, monkeys, and the like will live in houses under such restrictions as are salutary for them and convenient for observers; but deer, buffalo, beavers, antelope, elk, and many other creatures will have ample grazing and paddock room, where their natural habits and propensities may find free play. Such a park would undoubtedly be an immense attraction to the people of New York and to visitors to the city. The cost of stocking and preparing it the Zoological Society is ready to assume. The cost of its maintenance as a free exhibition would be incurred by the city. The chief objections to assigning the land would seem to be that it would reserve a tract of park land from the free use of the public, and that it would add a considerable annual item to the city's expenses. The first of these objections has little weight, because the park would give the public much more satisfaction with the animals in it than without. The second objection is less easily disposed of, but the opinion seems general that New York is a great enough city to afford such a luxury, and that the returns in pleasure and instruction from such a park as is proposed would be so great as to make the investment highly profitable.

The present collection of animals in Central Park would remain undisturbed where it is. It is much too popular and too accessible to be spared.

E. S. MARTIN.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

THE Americans in London celebrated Thanksgiving day by a grand and expensive dinner, to which about three hundred people sat down, amongst whom I was struck more particularly by the absence of many Americans well known on both sides of the Atlantic. We missed Mr. Henry James, Mr. George Boughton, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. But most of all did we miss the American ambassador, who is looked upon, and naturally, as the father of the American colony. It was a great disappointment, not only to his fellow-countrymen, but to a large number of English people present, that Mr. Bayard should have absented himself; nor were all of them quite satisfied with the reason for his absence, namely, that the Queen had invited him for that particular evening. In monarchical countries a royal invitation counts as a command, to be sure, particularly if the invitation has anything about it of an exceptional nature; but in Mr. Bayard's case he was invited to Windsor as a purely perfunctory compliment, which all ambassadors receive in rotation, and her Majesty would have been in no wise embarrassed had some other ambassador appeared on that occasion instead of ours. It was obviously an oversight on the part of the official whose business it is to send out royal invitations that he should have fixed Mr. Bayard's evening at Windsor so as to interfere with the one annual function peculiarly important to an American representative; and I have no doubt that if Mr. Bayard had pointed this out in a friendly note the matter would have been satisfactorily arranged, and the American Thanksgiving dinner of 1896 have been crowned with success. In this case the blunder of the court official is the more egregious from the circumstance that Thanksgiving day is not only annually observed by Americans in London, but is also extensively advertised through the press.

The court etiquette appears to be a very rigid and arbitrary rule, and it can be so when circumstances demand it. But in practice the court officials charged with the social engagements of their sovereign exercise great tact in anticipating the public or private engagements of those whom they are about to honor with a royal command. Americans are the principal sufferers in this matter of court etiquette abroad, because we are apt to see all that is disagreeable in the rule, without realizing the beneficent quality of the exceptions. During my stay in the capital of Natal I was in a painful predicament on a point of etiquette which would have caused no embarrassment on our side of the Atlantic. It was in this way: The Prime Minister of the colony had invited me to his house for a particular date, and after I had accepted that invitation came one from the Governor for the same day and hour. Now as between citizens it was clear that I should have declined the Governor's invitation and have gone to the house of the Prime Minister; but I was not among citizens, but among subjects of Queen Victoria. In a British colony the Governor receives royal honors as the personal representative of his sovereign. I knew just enough about etiquette to know that I needed a woman's assistance, and therefore I sought the wife of an official well versed in social traditions, and put the case to her. She pronounced verdict in favor of the Queen's majesty, and by that verdict I was compelled to abide, though I subsequently discovered that the Prime Minister himself highly disapproved of the Governor's pretensions. If this paragraph serves as a warning to others, I shall not regret the discomfort which I had to endure.

By the time these notes reach you London will be enjoying the rare treat of having two plays of Shakespeare performed at the same time—the one, *As You Like It*, under the auspices of George Alexander; the other, *Richard III.*, by Henry Irving. This ought not to be remarkable, nor would it be in Berlin, where Shakespeare is more popular on the stage to-day than any German dramatist; but in London it has been for many years axiomatic that the performing of a Shakespearian play is a very risky experiment. Theatres here have almost degenerated to the level of variety shows, in the sense that most of the plays require for their success intermezzo features of the song-and-dance kind, with a liberal sprinkling of local hits, and it is often difficult for a parent to find a play to which he would care to take his children with a view to their improvement. It is quite otherwise in Germany, where parents subscribe to seats at the theatre as they would to a pew in church, and where the play is discussed in literary circles with a vehemence reserved here for bicycles and golf sticks. It is no doubt in our Puritan blood to associate theatrical performances with frivolity; and, at any rate, the large bulk of those who frequent theatres do so exclusively because they are bored at home, and want some one to make them laugh by way of mental relaxation.

It is a never-failing source of wonder to me that Shakespeare sounds so very modern, particularly in the German, where the text is free from the many obsolete expressions which puzzle us in the original. During the second performance of *As You Like It* the modernity of the great dramatist impressed the gallery to such an extent that when the curtain went down upon the last act there were vociferous cries of "Author! author!" Had this bit of anachronism been prearranged, it would have been a fitting moment to throw a picture of Shakespeare upon a screen, or to call up his ghost by means of psychic gymnastics; but on this occasion the situation was delightfully natural, and the whole house soon burst into a roar of laughter, followed by much calling for George Alexander, who proved fully equal to the occasion. He came before the curtain with a broad smile upon his sympathetic face, and said only these few words: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret very much that the author is not in the house to-night, but when I meet him, in the course of my future wanderings, I shall tell him how much pleasure he has given you this evening." With this Mr. Alexander made another bow, and left an audience in high good-humor, both with him and Mr. Shakespeare.

Prince Hohenlohe, the Chancellor of the German Empire, made recently the extraordinary statement that he accepted responsibility for the official utterances of his master, the German Emperor. At least he is quoted by English newspapers to this effect. Now if this is the case he must have approved of the telegram sent by the German Emperor to President Kruger in January of this year, in which that monarch used language implying that if the Boers had not thrashed the English at Krugersdorf he would have cheerfully assisted them with German reenforcements. This telegram served the purpose of turning the whole of England from a friend into an enemy. Every Englishman felt outraged at this unnecessary act of unfriendliness, particularly as the Emperor had been made so often welcome in English waters. We cannot discover that this particular telegram did good either to Germany or to the Boers, and it certainly produced a bad feeling where formerly a good understanding had prevailed, at least between the Foreign Office and the Wilhelmstrasse. It was supposed at the time that this despatch might have been done hastily, under the strong sense of indignation excited by the wholly unjustifiable Jameson raid, but who could have supposed that a man so old as Prince Hohenlohe could be guilty of such a production? If the Emperor did send this fatal cable without the knowledge of his Prime Minister, it was the duty of a self-respecting official to hand in his resignation. If, on the other hand, Prince Hohenlohe accepts the responsibility for this document, it seems strange that he still holds office, considering the mischief which those few words made. The German constitution provides that the Prime Minister be held responsible for the acts of the sovereign, but in these later days the legal organism of the German Empire has had to sustain severe strains.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Henri Rochefort, the pamphleteer, whose weekly *Lanterne* had so much to do with the overthrow of Napoleon III.'s empire, was very busy during the latter days of the expired year. In his daily paper, *L'Intransigeant*, which has the largest circulation of all political organs in France, Rochefort, who writes the leading article, is warmly supporting the Cuban cause. He is also president of the Paris committee of "Cuba Libre," and in that capacity he cabled over a message of congratulation to Senator Morgan at Washington. Rochefort has ironically protested meanwhile against the liberty which, according to the *Figaro*, the French cabinet too eagerly took in discussing his future death and funeral. That discussion happened apropos of the death of Emmanuel Arago, the son of the great astronomer, who had been a member of the "Government of National Defence," and who was entitled on this account to a "national funeral" at the state expense. General Trochu, Military Governor of Paris during the siege of 1870–1, who died four months ago, was the only member of the "Government of National Defence" who was buried without national honors, and this in accordance with his expressed will. Emmanuel Arago and Rochefort were, after Trochu's death, the only surviving members of the republican government of the 4th of September, 1870. If Arago had official obsequies, Rochefort would have been entitled to them; and, so says the *Figaro*, the cabinet permitted Emmanuel Arago to be buried privately in order "to save future ministers from the embarrassment of giving a national funeral at the expense of the state to the man Rochefort, who has spent his life in burying all governments." The pamphleteer, while remarking, in his leader in *L'Intransigeant*, that he is surviving those who sent him to exile and deportation, declares that he refuses in advance any kind of official obsequies.

F. A.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

IT is annually evident that Christmas is no generous time to managers of concerts and opera-houses. In vain do they hang up their stockings. The stockings are not well filled. Furthermore, the managers have got into the way of hanging up old stockings. In any case the public appears preoccupied, and a nursery's hoot of joy over a mechanical toy that can emit a squeak makes a prima donna's best cadenza nothing to lessen the family circle of an evening.

The operatic bill of last week brought, with other incidents, of course, Madame Calvé in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Santuzza being still one of the singer's very strongest impersonations, and *La Traviata*, with Madame Melba. Unless memory slips, the opera last named has been allowed to keep its distance in the Metropolitan since Marcella Sembrich sang it with a good deal of success in 1883, and that, to be sure, was in the old Metropolitan, before Loge decided that his Magic Fire needed business. Madame Melba sang Violetta exceptionally well as to the brilliancy and roundness of a voice with very few peers on the stage to-day. If only the veil of deeper feeling than was revealed could have entered into certain lyric passages, one would not care to take away a fraction of her credit as far as a singer's services could go. Curiously dramatic she was constantly, and in a rôle to which she is not suited in physique or temperament she did satisfactory work as an actress. Madame Melba is, out of question, another of the Metropolitan's women-singers on whom the star of histrionic intention has arisen. We shall see a daring essay of its influences on her next week when she sings in *Siegfried*. It is true that her dying Violetta was imposing rather than anæmic, and that Madame Melba's gestures to express exhaustion have rather too much of the Tennysonian spell of woven paces and of waving hands. But there is a genuine aim at entering into the situation and character, and often a distinct success. Of Madame Melba's assistants in the opera's revival, Miss Bauermeister excepted, the less said the better. They were not happy, and they should have made nobody else happy.

By the reappearance of *La Traviata* in our local repertory one was reminded of how cordial and large a clientage exists for Verdi's earlier and, so to speak, unregenerate style. It also brought to remembrance how much in it was progressive, justifies such affection, was masterly, and is in touch with true musical and dramatic sentiment. Certainly this short score in which the composer, forty-four long years ago, set the story of Dumas's "Lady of the Camellias" is slight compared with the complex robustness of his *Aïda* or the splendor of invention in *Falstaff*. But so was the intensely human French story slight on its face. One must have the heart to read between its lines. So it is with much of the *Traviata's* partition, vocally or instrumentally. It is not a bouquet, but a flower. It is delicate but highly finished, and to-day as perfect in its genre as a generation ago. To those who exact leading themes in an opera, and to whom in an intense modernity their presence or lack is a serious consideration, Verdi's artful and deliberate use of at least three such things ought to commend itself. The last *Traviata* entr'acte and the final act are not only exquisite in their familiar—perhaps too familiar—musical contents, they are made, with a touch here and a touch there, dexterously philosophic. The entr'acte, indeed, is like an invitation to come and assist at the decease of a handful of roses. One can be, and should be, serious about such a funeral without employing the lungs of the trombonists and fetching up a death-motif out of the kettle-drums. We might, possibly, desire another sort of "Gran dio!" air; but we can hardly fancy a Marguerite Gautier uttering a more appropriate good-by to existence than "Addio del passato." Of course Violetta on her couch, staggering, coughing (Madame Melba preserves this tradition with pious lungs), and yet able to lament with a robust soprano, is very inconsistent. Germont and Alfredo and Nanetta and an M.D. a-warbling around the poor lady's death-bed means conduct not true to real life. Unluckily all opera, all music-drama, is absurd, and has to be absurd. Absurd before Wagner and with and from him, up and down the schools, the styles, the subjects. Only many people are pleased to think the degrees of absurdity seriously vary. Some fancy they are eliminated altogether, and that Isolde in a state of mind at sea is closer to the truth of art than poor Violetta.

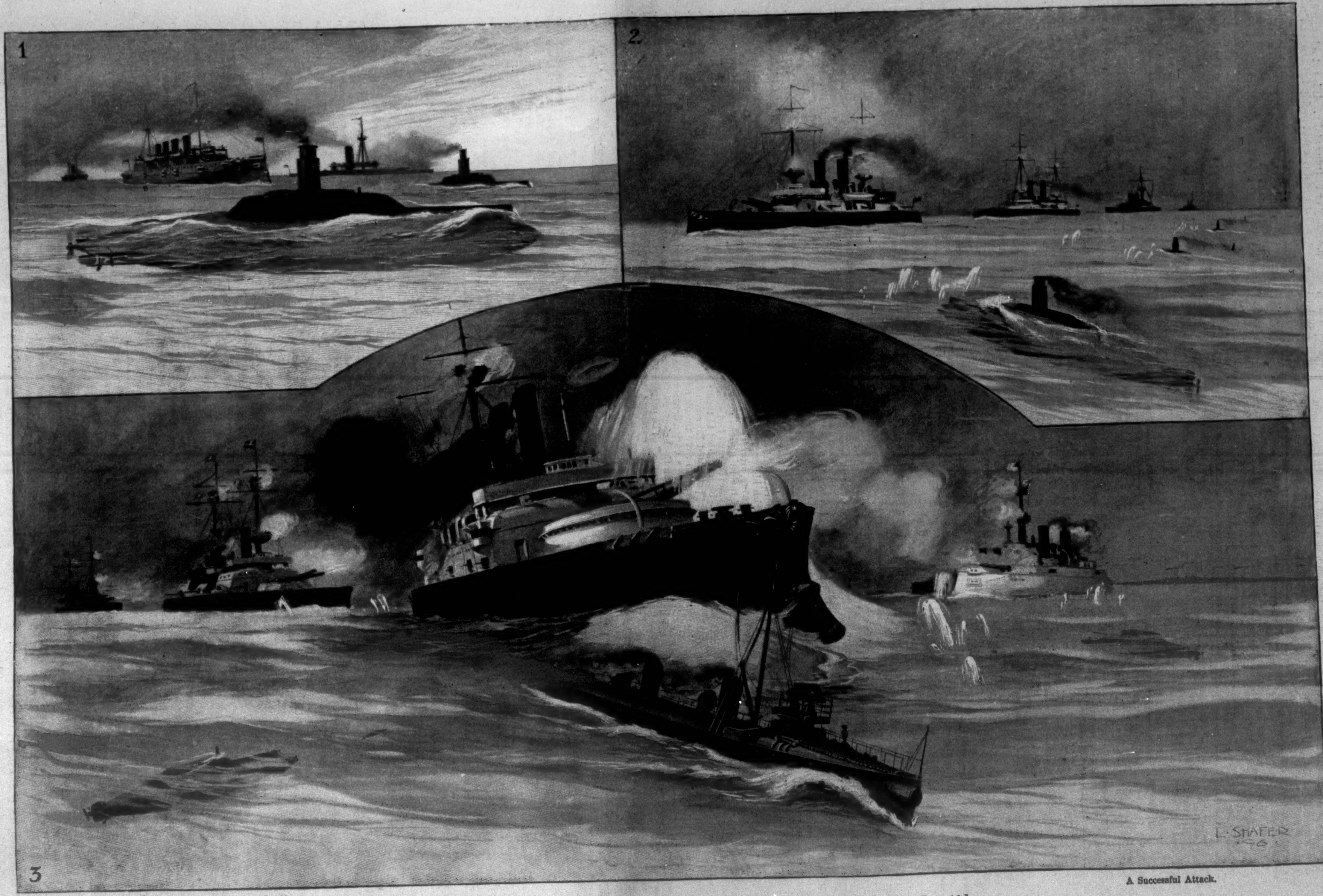
By-the-bye, is it not time that to Verdi's old opera was restored a modern costuming (as was originally its case), and the present ridiculous and careless dressing of a century earlier put aside? Over in Paris, Madame Bernhardt has just been giving the Dumas play in the dressing of the period of Paris fashions proper to it. There was some fear that the people would smile too much over these, and lose the seriousness of an old piece when in old clothes—tight trousers, furbelows, frocks and coats of cut prior to 1853. But nobody laughed—and the play was redeemed from modern conventionality. The opera needs deliverance from top-boots with lace, from satin small-clothes, from wigs and swords. It need not be dressed up as Madame Bernhardt conscientiously treats it. But it would be a grace, at least, to have the costumes the common ones of our drawing-rooms now, as is the practice with *Camille*.

There is no doubt that we need in New York a new, general, and large choral society. The lack is brought to remembrance by the admirable performances of two relatively small organizations, each with a special duty to fulfil before its patrons—the Musical Art Society, directed by Mr. Frank Damrosch, and the fine choir of the recently recruited Guild of American Organists. In the case of the Musical Art's active membership, it would be difficult to find in any city its equal for superior voices, high technical training, and a delightful æsthetic intelligence. Witness their last concert, when they sang Palestrina's Mass of Pope Marcellus and a Christmas Song by Cornelius like artists indeed. But the Musical Art's force is of limited ranks, and wishes to be kept so—and should be kept so. Its singers are, for the most part, paid professionals, including some of the best church musicians in New York. It really embodies, at large expense, that curious and rarely manageable thing, a chorus of soloists. You sit and pick out the faces of Miss A. and Miss B. and Miss C., of Messrs. D., E., and F., who are respectively the responsible and leading voices before some of the most critical of Sunday audiences. Much the same conditions obtain in the stalls at the Organists' Guild's concerts, with a *personnel* taken from three or four of the town's Protestant Episcopal churches noted for their superior music. Such conditions cannot obtain wholly toward a large choral organization. But they might be in part worked in as the basis of it, and after that a chorus of three hundred to four hundred voices secured—fresh, qualified, and with the understanding that such a society is to deal with a varied full-blooded selection of things new and old. The Oratorio Society has begun something too perfunctory, and its material leaves a good deal to be desired. Mr. Walter Damrosch keeps it in good working order, as a careful and judicious machinist might keep an engine that he cannot make over, one that must simply go on dutifully till disintegration cannot be staved off or coppered around. The evolution of a new and large mixed choral organization could hardly be accomplished on the volunteer plan. For a considerable time, at least, it could not be self-supporting. But begun with vitality and directed in its labors with vitality, with the membership drawn from the city's choirs and vocal clubs, and its work made that of enthusiasm, it could soon be without a rival in this country.

The repertory of Vienna's great lyric theatre may well make us New-Yorkers envious. Its sensation now is the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, the four-act score by André Messager (the libretto, of course, arranging Dumas's novel), awhile ago attracting excessive praise in French criticism. Mr. Van Dyk takes the title rôle, and Miss Walker the part of the Duchess of Maine. The repertory of the Opera for the ten days, exclusive of this novelty, announced nothing less than Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel*, Gounod's *Faust*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, Goldmark's new *Cricket on the Hearth*, Smetana's *The Sold Bride*, Wagner's *Siegfried*, Märschner's *Hans Heiling*. Kienzl's *The Evangelist*, Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*, and Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*—which last was such a vast favorite here years ago in German. What our operatic public begins obviously again to want is a wisely varied repertory, possible only by a stock company; impossible from a star one, anywhere.

In Berlin the hour's sensation is the production of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*—sixty years old, tremendous in its difficulties, full of noble and of beautiful music, but hampered by its ill-built libretto. We know here its spirited overture, often played by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Damrosch, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and the suave duet "O, Teresa," is occasionally heard in our concerts. Otherwise it is, with so much else, a pleasure to come to us. So is it one to come in France; unless there count the three unsuccessful performances in Paris in 1838. Perhaps when the French have time to spare from doing justice to Wagner they really will take up the fine lot of the same work cut out for them in doing justice to their own Berlioz.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



Reconnoitring through Camera Lucida.

A Successful Attack.

THE HOLLAND SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT IN ACTION.—Drawn by L. Shafer.—[See Page 18.]

1. Cruising Trim. 2. Running Awash and about to submerge for Attack. 3. Submarine Torpedo-Boats, in Conjunction with Fleet, defending the Coast against an Enemy.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER I.

ONE morning in early May, when the wind was cold and the sun hot, and Jerome about twelve years old, he was in a favorite lurking-place of his, which nobody but himself knew.

Three fields' width to the northward from the Edwards's house was a great rock ledge; on the southern side of it was a famous warm hiding-place for a boy on a windy spring day. There was a hollow in the rock for a space as tall as Jerome, and the ledge extended itself beyond it like a sheltering granite wing to the westward.

The cold northwester blowing from over the lingering Canadian snow-banks could not touch him, and he had the full benefit of the sun as it veered imperceptibly south from east. He lay there basking in it like some little animal which had crawled out from its winter nest. Before him stretched the fields, all flushed with young green. On the side of a gentle hill at the left a file of blooming peach-trees looked as if they were moving down the slope to some imperious march music of the spring.

In the distance a man was at work with plough and horse. His shouts came faintly across, like the ever-present notes of labor in all the harmonies of life. The only habitation in sight was Eben Merritt's, and of that only the broad slants of shingled roof and a gray end wall of the barn, with a pink spray of peach-trees against it.

Jerome stared out at it all, without a thought concerning it in his brain. He was actively conscious only of his own existence, which had just then a wondrously pleasant savor for him. A sweet exhilarating fire seemed leaping through every vein in his little body. He was drowsy, and yet more fully awake than he had been all winter. All his pulses tingled, and his thoughts were overborne by the ecstasy in them. Jerome had scarcely felt thoroughly warm before, since last summer. That same little, tight, and threadbare jacket had been his warmest garment all winter. The wood had been stinted on the hearth, the coverings on his bed; but now the full privilege of the spring sun was his, and the blood in this meagre little human plant, chilled and torpid with the winter's frosts, stirred and flowed like that in any other. Who could say that the bliss of renewed vitality which the boy felt, as he rested there in his snug rock, was not identical with that of the springing grass and the flowering peach-trees? Who could say that he was more to all intents and purposes, for that minute, than the rock-honeysuckle opening its red cups on the ledge over his head? He was conscious of no more memory or forethought.

Presently he shut his eyes, and the sunlight came in a soft rosy glow through his closed lids. Then it was that a little girl came across the fields, clambering cautiously over the stone walls, lest she should tear her gown, stepping softly over the green grass in her little morocco shoes, and finally stood still in front of the boy sitting with his eyes closed in the hollow of the rock. Twice she opened her mouth to speak, then shut it again. At last she gained courage.

"Be you sick, boy?" she inquired, in a sweet, timid voice.

Jerome opened his eyes with a start, and stared at the little quaint figure standing before him Lucina wore a short blue woollen gown; below it her starched white pantalets hung to the tops of her morocco shoes. She wore also a white tier, and over that a little coat, and over that a little green cashmere shawl sprinkled with palm leaves, which her mother had crossed over her bosom and tied at her back for extra warmth. Lucina's hood was of quilted blue silk, and her smooth yellow curls flowed from under it quite down to her waist. Moreover, her mother had carefully arranged four, two on each side, to escape from the frill of her hood in front and fall softly over her pink cheeks. Lucina's face was very fair and sweet—the face of a good and gentle little girl, who always minded her mother and did her daily tasks.

Her dark blue eyes, set deeply under seriously frowning childish brows, surveyed Jerome with innocent wonder; her pretty mouth drooped anxiously at the corners. Jerome knew her well enough, although he had never before exchanged a word with her. She was little Lucina Merritt, whose father had money, and bought her everything she wanted, and whose mother rigged her up like a puppet, he had heard his mother say.

"No, ain't sick," he said, in a half-intelligible little grunt. A cross little animal poked into wakefulness in the midst of its nap in the sun might have responded in much the same way. Gallantry had not yet developed in Jerome. He saw in this pretty little girl only another child, and, moreover, one finely shod and clothed, while he went shoeless and threadbare. He looked sulkily at her blue silk hood, pulled his old cap down with a twitch to his black brows, and shrugged himself closer to the warm rock.

The little girl eyed his bare toes. "Be you cold?" she ventured.

"No, ain't cold," grunted Jerome. Then he caught sight of something in her hand—a great square of sugar-gingerbread, out of which she had taken only three dainty bites as she came along, and in spite of himself there was a hungry flash of his black eyes.

Lucina held out the gingerbread. "I'd just as lives as not you had it," said she, timidly. "It's most all there. I've just had three teenty bites."

Jerome turned on her fiercely. "Don't want your old gingerbread," he cried. "Ain't hungry—have all I want to home."

The little Lucina jumped, and her blue eyes filled with tears. She turned away without a word, and ran falteringly, as if she could not see for tears, across the field; and there was a white lamb trotting after her. It had appeared from somewhere in the fields, and Jerome had not noticed it. He remembered hearing that Lucina Merritt had a cosset lamb that followed her everywhere. "Has everything," he muttered—"lambs an' everything. Don't want your old gingerbread."

Suddenly he sprang up and began feeling in his pocket; then he ran like a deer after the little girl. She rolled her frightened, tearful blue eyes over her shoulder at him, and began to run too, and the cosset lamb cantered faster at her heels; but Jerome gained on them some.

"Stop, can't ye?" he sang out. "Ain't goin' to hurt ye. What ye 'fraid of?" He laid his hand on her little green-shawled shoulders, and she stood panting, her little face looking up at him, half reassured, half terrified, from her blue silk hood frills and her curls.

"Like sas'fras?" inquired Jerome, with a lordly air. An emperor about to bestow a largess upon a slave could have had no more of the very grandeur of beneficence in his mien.

Lucina nodded meekly.

Jerome drew out a great handful of strange articles from his pocket, and they might, from his manner of handling them, have been gold pieces and jewels. There were old buttons, a bit of chalk, and a stub of slate-pencil. There were a horse-chestnut and some grains of parched sweet-corn, and a dried apple-core. There were other things which age and long bondage in the pocket had brought to such passes that one could scarcely determine their identities. From all this Jerome selected one undoubted treasure—a great jagged cut of sassafras root. It had been nicely scraped, too, and looked white and clean.

"Here," said Jerome.

"Don't you want it?" asked Lucina, shyly.

"No—had a great piece twice as big as that yesterday. Know where there's lots more in the cedar swamp. Here, take it."

"Thank you," said Lucina, and took it, and fumbled nervously after her little pocket.

"Why don't you eat it?" asked Jerome, and Lucina took an obedient little nibble.

"Ain't that good an' strong?"

"It's real good," replied Lucina, smiling gratefully.

"Mebbe I'll dig you some more some time," said Jerome, as if the cedar swamp were a treasure-chest.

"Thank you," said the little girl. Then she timidly extended the gingerbread again. "I only took three little bites, an' it's real nice, honest," said she, appealingly.

But she jumped again at the flash in Jerome's black eyes.

"Don't want your old gingerbread!" he cried. "Ain't hungry; have more'n I want to eat to home. Guess my folks have gingerbread. Like to know what you're tryin' to give me victuals for! Don't want any of your old gingerbread!"

"It ain't old, honest," pleaded Lucina, tearfully. "It ain't old—Hannah, she just baked it this morning." But the boy was gone, pelting hard across the field, and all there was for the little girl to do was to go home, with her sassafras in her pocket and her gingerbread in her hand, with an aromatic savor on her tongue and the sting of slighted kindness in her heart, with her cosset lamb trotting at heel, and tell her mother.

Jerome did not return to his nook in the rock. As he neared it he heard the hollow note of a horn from the northwest.

"S'pose mother wants me," he muttered, and went on past the rock ledge to the west, and climbed the stone wall into the first of the three fields which separated him from his home. Across the young springing grass went Jerome—a slender little lad moving with an awkward rustic lope. It was the gait of the homely toiling men of the village which his young muscles had caught, as if they had in themselves powers of observation and assimulation. Jerome at twelve walked as if he had held ploughshares, bent over potato hills, and hewn wood in cedar swamps for half a century. Jerome's feet were bare, and his red rasped ankles showed below his hitching trousers. His poor winter shoes had quite failed him for many weeks, his blue stockings had shown at the gaps in their sides which had torn away from his mother's strong mending. Now the soles had gone, and his uncle Ozias Lamb, who was a cobbler, could not put in new ones because there was not strength enough in the uppers to hold them. "You can't have soles in shoes any more than you can in folks, without some body," said Ozias Lamb. It seemed as if Ozias might have made and presented some new shoes, soles and all, to his needy nephew, but he was very poor, and not young, and worked painfully to make every cent count. So Jerome went barefoot after the soles parted from his shoes; but he did not care, because it was spring and the snow was gone. Jerome had, moreover, a curious disregard of physical discomfort for a boy who could take such delight in sheer existence in a sunny hollow of a rock. He had had chilblains all winter from the snow-water which had soaked in through his broken shoes; his heels were still red with them, but not a whimper had he made. He had treated them doggedly himself with wood-ashes, after an old country prescription, and said nothing, except to reply, "Doctorin' chilblains," when his mother asked him what he was doing.

Jerome also often went hungry. He was hungry now as he loped across the field. A young wolf that had roamed barren snow-fields all winter might not have felt more eager for a good meal than Jerome, and he was worse off, because he had no natural prey. But he never made a complaint.

Had any one inquired if he were hungry, he would have flown at him as he had done at little Lucina Merritt when she offered him her gingerbread. He knew, and all his family knew, that the neighbors thought they had not enough to eat, and the knowledge so stung their pride that it made them defy the fact itself. They would not own to each other that they were hungry; they denied it fiercely to their own craving stomachs.

Jerome had had nothing that morning but a scanty spoonful of corn-meal porridge, but he would have maintained stoutly that he had eaten a good breakfast. He took another piece of sassafras from his pocket and chewed it as he went along. After all, now the larder of Nature was open and the lock of the frost on her cupboards was broken, a boy would not fare so badly; he could not starve. There was sassafras root in the swamps—plenty of it for the digging; there were young winter-green leaves, stinging pleasantly his palate with green aromatic juice; later there would be raspberries and blackberries and huckleberries. There was also the mysterious cedar apples, and the sour-sweet excrescences sometimes found on swamp bushes. These last were the little rarities of Nature's table which a boy would come upon by chance when berrying and snatch with delighted surprise. They appealed to his imagination as well as his tongue, since they belonged not to the known fruits in his spelling-book and dictionary, and possessed a strange sweetness of fancy and mystery beyond their woodland savor. In a few months the garden would be grown too, and there would be corn and beans and potatoes. Then Jerome's lank outlines would begin to take on curves and the hungry look would disappear from his face. He was a handsome boy, with a fearless outlook of black eyes from his lean delicate face and a thick curling crop of fair hair, which the sun had bleached like straw. Always protected from the weather, Jerome's hair would have been brown; but his hats failed him like his shoes, and often in the summer season were crownless. However, his mother mended them as long as she was able. She was a thrifty woman, although she was a semi-invalid, and sat all day long in a high-backed rocking-chair. She was not young either; she had been old when she married and her children were born, but there was a strange element of toughness in her, a fibre either of body or spirit that kept her in being, like the fibre of an old tree.

Before Jerome entered the house his mother's voice saluted him. "Where have you been, Jerome Edwards?" she demanded. Her voice was querulous but strongly shrill. It could penetrate every wall and door. Ann Edwards, as she sat in her rocking-chair, lifted up her voice, and it sounded all over her house like a trumpet, and all her household marched to it.

"Been over in the pasture," answered Jerome, with quick and yet rather defiant obedience, as he opened the door.

His mother's face and nose, with a curious triangularity of outline, like a cat's, with great hollow black eyes and the thin parted curtains of black false hair framing them, confronted him when he entered the room. She always sat face to the door and window, and not a soul who passed or entered escaped her for a minute. "What have you been doing in the pasture?" said she.

"Sittin'."

"Sittin'?"

"I've been sittin' on the warm side of the big rock a little while," said Jerome. He looked subdued before his mother's gaze, and yet not abashed. She always felt sure that there was some hidden reserve of rebellion in Jerome, coerce him into obedience as she might. She never really governed him, as she did her daughter Elmira, who stood washing dishes at the sink. But she loved Jerome better, although she tried not to, and would not own it to herself.

"Do you know what time it is?" said she, severely.

Jerome glanced at the tall clock in the corner. It was nearly ten. He glanced and made no reply. He sometimes had a dignified masculine way, beyond his years, of eschewing all unnecessary words. His mother saw him look at the time; why should he speak? She did not wait for him. "'Most ten o'clock," said she, "and a great boy ten years old lazing round on a rock in a pasture when all his folks are working. Here's your mother, feeble as she is, workin' her fingers to the bone, while you're doing nothing a whole forenoon. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Now you take the spade and go right out and go to work in the garden. It's time them beans are in, if they're going to be. Your father has had to go down to the wood-lot and get a load of wood for Doctor Prescott, and here 'tis May and the garden not planted. Go right along." All the time Jerome's mother talked, her little lean strong fingers flew, twirling bright colored rags in and out. She was braiding a rug for this same Doctor Prescott's wife. The bright strips spread and twirled over her like snakes, and the balls wherein the rags were wound rolled about the floor. Most women kept their rag balls in a basket when they braided, but Ann Edwards worked always in a sort of untidy fury.

Jerome went out, little hungry boy with the winter chill again creeping through his veins, got the spade out of the barn, and set to work in the garden. The garden lay on the sunny slope of a hill which rose directly behind the house; when his spade struck a stone Jerome would send it rolling out of his way to the foot of the hill. He got considerable amusement out of that, and presently the work warmed him.

The robins were singing all about. Every now and then one flew out of the sweet spring distance, lit, and silently erected his red breast among some plough ridges lower down. It was like a veritable transition to sight from sound.

Below where Jerome spaded, and upon the left, stretched long waving plough ridges where the corn was planted. Jerome's father had been at work there with the old white horse that was drawing wood for him to-day. Much of the garden had to be spaded instead of ploughed, because this same old white horse was needed for other work.

As Jerome spaded, the smell of the fresh earth came up in his face. Now and then a gust of cold wind, sweet with unseen blossoms, smote him powerfully, bending his slender body before it like a sapling. A bird flashed past him with a blue dazzle of wings, and Jerome stopped and looked after it. It lit on the fence in front of the house, and shone there in the sunlight like a blue precious stone. The boy gazed at it, leaning on his spade. Jerome always looked hard out of all his little open windows of life, and saw every precious thing outside his daily grind of hard toilsome childhood which came within his sight.

The bird flew away, and Jerome spaded again. He knew that he must finish so much before dinner or his mother would scold. He was not afraid of his mother's sharp tongue, but he avoided provoking it with a curious politic and tolerant submission which he had learned from his father. "Mother ain't well, you know, an' she's high-sperited, and we've got to humor her all we can," Abel Edwards had said confidentially many a time to his boy, who had listened sagely and nodded.

Jerome obeyed his mother with the patient obedience of a superior who yields because his opponent is weaker than he and a struggle beneath his dignity, not because he is actually coerced. Neither he nor his father ever answered back or contradicted; when her shrill voice waxed loudest and her vituperation seemed to fairly hiss in their ears, they sometimes looked at each other and exchanged a solemn wink of understanding and patience. Neither ever opened mouth in reply.

Jerome worked fast in his magnanimous concession to his mother's will, and had accomplished considerable when his sister opened the kitchen window, thrust out her dark head, and called in a voice shrill as her mother's, but as yet wholly sweet, with no harsh notes in it: "Jerome! Jerome! Dinner is ready."

Jerome whooped in reply, dropped his spade, and went leaping down the hill. When he entered the kitchen his mother was sitting at the table and Elmira was taking up the dinner. Elmira was a small pretty girl, with little nervous hands and feet, and eager black eyes like her mother's. She stretched on tiptoe over the fire, and ladled out a steaming mixture from the kettle with an arduous swing of her little sharp elbow. Elmira's sleeves were rolled up and her little sharply jointed girlish arms showed.

"Don't you know enough without being told to lift that kettle off the fire for Elmira?" demanded Mrs. Edwards of Jerome.

Jerome lifted the kettle off the fire without a word.

"It seems sometimes as if you might do something without being told," said his mother. "You could see, if you had eyes to your head, that your sister wa'n't strong enough to lift that kettle off, and was dippin' it up so's to make it lighter, an' the stew 'most burnin' on."

Jerome made no response. He sniffed hungrily at the savory steam arising from the kettle. "What is it?" he asked his sister, who stooped over the kettle sitting on the hearth, and plunged in again the long-handled tin dipper.

Mrs. Edwards never allowed any one to answer a question when she could do it herself. "It's a parsnip stew," said she, sharply. "Elmira dug some up in the old garden-patch, where we thought they were dead. I put in a piece of pork, when I'd ought to have saved it. It's good 'nough for anybody, I don't care who 'tis, if it's Doctor Prescott, or Squire Merritt, or the minister. You'd better be thankful for it, both of you."

"Where's father?" said Jerome.

"He 'ain't come home yet. I dun'no' where he is. He's been gone long enough to draw ten cords of wood. I s'pose he's potterin' round somewheres—stopped to talk to somebody, or something. I ain't goin' to wait any longer. He'll have to eat his dinner cold if he can't get home."

Elmira put the dish of stew on the table. Jerome drew his chair up. Mrs. Edwards grasped the long-handled dipper preparatory to distributing the savory mess, then suddenly stopped and turned to Elmira.

"Elmira," said she, "you go into the parlor an' git the china bowl with pink flowers on it, an' then you go to the chest in the spare bedroom an' get out one of them fine linen towels."

"What for?" said Elmira, wonderingly.

"No matter what for. You do what I tell you to."

Elmira went out, and after a little reappeared with the china bowl and the linen towel. Jerome sat waiting, with a kind of fierce resignation. He was almost starved, and the smell of the stew in his nostrils made him fairly ravenous.

"Give it here," said Mrs. Edwards, and Elmira set the bowl before her mother. It was large, almost large enough for a punch-bowl, and had probably been used for one. It was a stately old dish from over seas, a relic from Mrs. Edwards's mother, who had seen her palmy days before her marriage. Mrs. Edwards had also in her parlor cupboard a part of a set of blue Indian china which had belonged to her mother. The children watched while their mother dipped the parsnip stew into the china bowl. Elmira, while constantly more amenable to her mother, was at the moment more outspoken against her.

"There won't be enough left for us," she burst forth, excitedly.

"I guess you'll get all you need; you needn't worry."

"There won't be enough for father when he comes home, anyhow."

"I ain't a mite worried about your father; I guess he won't starve."

Mrs. Edwards went on dipping the stew into the bowl while the children watched. She filled it nearly two-thirds full, then stopped, and eyed the girl and boy critically. "I guess you'd better go, Elmira," said she. "Jerome can't unless he's all cleaned up. Get my little red cashmere shawl, and you can wear my green silk pumpkin hood. Yours don't look nice enough to go there with."

"Can't I eat dinner first, mother?" pleaded Elmira, pitifully.

"No, you can't. I guess you won't starve if you wait a little while. I ain't goin' to send stew to folks stone-cold. Hurry right along and get the shawl and hood. Don't stand there lookin' at me."

Elmira went out forlornly.

Mrs. Edwards began pinning the linen towel carefully over the bowl.

"Let Elmira stay an' eat her dinner. I'd just as lives go. Don't care if I don't ever have anythin' to eat," spoke up Jerome.

His mother flashed her black eyes round at him. "Don't you be saucy, Jerome Edwards," said she, "or you'll go back to your spadin' without a mouthful! I told your sister she was goin', an' I don't want any words about it from either of you."

When Elmira returned with her mother's red cashmere shawl pinned carefully over her childish shoulders, with her sharply pretty, hungry-eyed little face peering meekly out of the green gloom of the great pumpkin hood, Mrs. Edwards gave her orders. "There," said she, "you take this bowl, an' you be real careful and don't let it fall and break it, nor slop the stew over on my best shawl, an' you carry it down the road to Doctor Prescott's; an' whoever comes to the door, whether it's the hired girl, or Lawrence, or the hired man, you ask to see Mis' Doctor Prescott. Don't you give this bowl to none of the others, you mind. An' when Mis' Doctor Prescott comes, you curtsy an' say, 'Good-mornin', Mis' Prescott. Mis' Abel Edwards sends you her compliments, and hopes you're enjoyin' good health, an' begs you'll accept this bowl of parsnip stew. She thought perhaps you hadn't had any this season.'"

Mrs. Edwards repeated the speech in a little fine mincing voice, presumably the one which Elmira was to use. "Can you remember that?" she asked sharply, in her natural tone.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Say it over."

Poor little Elmira Edwards said it over like a parrot, imitating her mother's fine stilted tone perfectly. In truth it was a formula of presentation which she had often used.

"Don't you forget the 'compliments,' an' 'I thought she hadn't had any parsnip stew this season.'"

"No, ma'am."

"Take the bowl up, real careful, and carry it stiddy."

Elmira threw back the ends of the red cashmere shawl, lifted the big bowl in her two little hands, and went out carrying it before her. Jerome opened the door, and shut it after her.

"Now I guess Mis' Doctor Prescott won't think we're starvin' to death here, if her husband has got a mortgage on our house," said Mrs. Edwards. "I made up my mind that time she sent over that pitcher of lamb broth that I'd send her somethin' back, if I lived. I wouldn't have taken it anyhow, if it hadn't been for the rest of you. I guess I'll let folks know we ain't quite beggars yet."

Jerome nodded. A look of entire sympathy with his mother came into his face. "Guess so too," said he.

Mrs. Edwards threw back her head with stiff pride, as if it bore a crown. "So far," said she, "nobody on this earth has ever give me a thing that I 'ain't been able to pay 'em for in some way. I guess there's a good many rich folks can't say 's much as that."

"Guess so too," said Jerome.

"Pass over your plate; you must be hungry by this time," said his mother. She heaped his plate with the stew. "There," said she, "don't you wait any longer. I guess mebbe you'd better set the dish down on the hearth to keep warm for Elmira and your father first, though."

"Ain't you goin' to eat any yourself?" asked Jerome.

"I couldn't touch a mite of that stew if you was to pay me for it. I never set much by parsnip stew myself, anyway."

Jerome eyed his mother soberly. "There's enough," said he. "I've got all I can eat here."

"I tell you I don't want any. Ain't that enough? There's plenty of stew if I wanted it, but I don't. I never liked it any too well, an' to-day seems as if it fairly went against my stomach. Set it down on the hearth the way I told you to, an' eat your dinner before it gets any colder."

Jerome obeyed. He ate his plate of stew; then his mother obliged him to eat another. When Elmira returned she had her fill, and there was plenty left for Abel Edwards when he should come home.

Jerome, well fed, felt like another boy when he returned to his task in the garden. "Guess I can get this spadin' 'most done this afternoon," he said to himself. He made the brown mould fly around him. He whistled as he worked. As the afternoon wore on he began to wonder if he could not finish the garden before his father got home. He was sure he had not come as yet, for he had kept an eye on the road, and besides he would have heard the heavy rattle of the wood-wagon. "Father'll be real tickled when he sees the garden all done," said Jerome, and he stopped whistling and bent all his young spirit and body to his work. He never thought of feeling anxious about his father.

At five o'clock the back door of the Edwards house opened. Elmira came out with a shawl over her head and hurried up the hill. "Oh, Jerome," she panted when she got up to him. "You must stop working, mother says, and go right straight off to the ten-acre lot. Father hain't come home yet, an' we're dreadful worried about him. She says she's afraid something has happened to him."

Jerome stuck his spade upright in the mould and stared at her. "What does she s'pose has happened?" he said, slowly. Jerome had no imagination for disasters.

"She thinks maybe he's fell down, or some wood's fell on him, or Peter's run away."

"Peter wouldn't ever run away; it's much as ever he'll walk lately, an' father don't ever fall down."

Elmira fairly danced up and down in the fresh mould. She caught her brother's arm and twitched it and pushed him fiercely. "Go along, go along!" she cried. "Go right along, Jerome Edwards! I tell you something dreadful has happened to father. Mother says so. Go right along!"

Jerome pulled himself away from her nervous clutch, and collected himself for flight. "He was goin' to carry that wood to Doctor Prescott's," said he, reflectively. "Ain't any sense goin' to the ten-acre lot till I see if he's been there."

"It's on the way," cried little Elmira, frantically. "Hurry up! Oh, do hurry up, Jerome! Poor father! Mother says he's—fell—down—" Elmira worked her little arm around her face and broke into a long wail as she started down the hill. "Poor—father—oh—oh—poor—father!" floated back like a wake of pitiful sound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

TENNESSEE, the State of Andrew Jackson and of James K. Polk, has passed the hundred-year mark in its corporate existence, and is preparing to celebrate the event with a Centennial Exposition of its industries and fine arts. The exposition is to be held at Nashville, the capital of the Southern commonwealth, and it will be opened with elaborate and appropriate ceremonies on May 1, 1897, and will remain open until November 1, a period of six months. A tract of two hundred acres of beautifully wooded and watered land on the outskirts of the city has been transformed into a miniature World's Fair, and its beauty entitles it to be called the "Fair White City of the South."

The conservative people of Nashville quietly raised large funds, and went to work with a will to have a big exposition, and in less than two years' time a city of what appears to be stately white marble palaces has sprung into existence.

The beauty and extent of the undertaking have suddenly burst on the community. So quietly and rapidly has the Centennial Association done its work that the buildings are nearly all completed, and their magnitude and beauty will prove a revelation to the general public.

The illustrations in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY will give an excellent idea of the scope, aim, and size of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and show the advanced state of completion of the various structures. The exposition will be the most important of its kind ever attempted in the South.

It will, except in size, bear a very favorable comparison with the World's Fair at Chicago. The buildings are not so large, but they are very beautiful. All of them have been honestly constructed, are made of staff, and in the clear atmosphere of the elevation on which they are placed their snow-white outlines can be seen from a great distance.

Nashville is on very high ground, and this gives the exposition an immense advantage over any of its predecessors.

All of the buildings are of Grecian architecture. Eight of the most important are complete. These are the Parthenon, for fine arts; the Commerce Building, 500×315 feet; the Minerals and Forestry Building, 400×125 feet; the Transportation Building, 400×120 feet; the Agricultural Building, 525×175 feet; the Auditorium—seating capacity, 6000; the Woman's Building, 160×85 feet, and the Administration Building, where the executive offices are located. The work on Machinery Hall and the Power-House, Children's Building, Negro Building, and Horticultural Building is being done, and when these are completed the History Building and Live-stock Arena will be pushed, and are to be finished early in the new year. These are to be followed by countless other edifices—foreign, State, and county buildings, society and fraternity headquarters, restaurants and places of amusement—to be followed finally by many special features, arrangements for startling electrical effects, statuary, and fountains.

The most imposing of all the structures is the Parthenon. This is an exact reproduction in outward appearance of the building from which it is named. It is constructed of brick, entirely fire-proof, and has a roof of glass. Its fifty-eight fluted columns and other external details are as nearly true to the original as is possible, even to the coloring. There is a broad door at either end, opening upon the double-columned porticos, but no windows. The interior arrangement is in the shape of a great Greek cross. In front of the main entrance to the Parthenon will be placed a copy of the Minerva of Athens, Pallas Athene, made in Paris by Miss Enid Yandell. This copy is twenty-five feet high, and will occupy the most conspicuous position in the park. It will be mounted on an eighteen-foot pedestal, making the total height forty-three feet.

The greatest structure is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. Its dimensions are 500 × 315 feet, in the shape of a "T," the wings being 150 feet wide. The height of its central dome is 175 feet. Entering the main door through the great portico, attention is first attracted to the interior of the lofty dome and the strength of the construction. Three aisles run right and left, on either side of which are the spaces for exhibits, the arrangements being broken into circular form at the centre for special features. The central pavilion runs back 315 feet, forming beyond the dome the Foreign Section. Two galleries extend the length of the base of the dome at the centre, measuring 160 × 42 feet. From the ends of these galleries the visitor may go out on broad promenades extending to the extremities of the edifice, or ascend to the observatory on the dome. The outside of the building presents a handsome appearance, with shapely windows, and staff dressing on the surface, statues and ornamentation in bass-relief. The principal figure is a heroic bronze statue of Mercury over the east portico, the pediment beneath presenting the seal of Tennessee, and sculpture symbolical of the uses of the building. The style of architecture is an idealized Græco-Roman.

The Agricultural Building is befitting this great industry of Tennessee. The principal dome rises 175 feet at the centre, and with six similar domes appropriately placed the proportions appear especially pleasing. The style of architecture is Renaissance, and the dimensions are 525 × 175 feet. The outlines of the floor-plan are broken so that an antique appearance is given to the interior. The principal doors, front and rear, are under arch effects, while the end entrances pass through porticos. Glass is used in the domes, and thus the light on the exhibits will be strong and thoroughly diffused. Near by is the Machinery Hall, fully equipped, and admirably arranged for the purpose. The Transportation Building comes next, 400 feet long and 200 wide. It is beautifully decorated in staff symbolisms of progress.

The Mines and Forestry Building is very attractive in its architectural outlines. The stately columns of the Roman-Doric order characterize the design, and the edifice gives the impression of strength as well as of beauty. The measurements are 400×125 feet. There are three main entrances, similar in appearance, through porticos guarded by six columns each, and surmounted by sculptured gables, the west door leading to the Auditorium. The floor is marked at the centre by a space in the shape of a cross with rounded points. Two aisles lead to the extremities, leaving broad spaces for the exhibits. This building will prove especially attractive to those who are interested in the wonderful mineral and timber resources of the middle part of the United States, of which Tennessee is the very centre.

There will naturally be much interest in the Woman's Building. It is an idealized enlargement of the Hermitage, the Tennessee home of President Jackson, but to the Colonial style are added suggestions of the Greek school. Woman's work will be fully illustrated here. Each branch of decorative and applied art will be represented. The Children's Building will be close by. It is to be an important and handsome structure. The Negro Building, and the half-dozen other class structures, are all designed in harmony with the general artistic architectural effect.

The amusement features, to be called "Vanity Fair" instead of the "Midway," are on an important scale. The far-away East will be very largely represented.

The fair is under the control of the Tennessee Centennial Association, composed of the most progressive spirits of the South. The president is General John W. Thomas, a prominent railroad official. V. L. Kirkman is first vice-president, and E. C. Lewis director-general. Theodore Cooley is the head of the art department, Herman Tusti chief of the bureau of promotion and publicity, and Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman is the head of the woman's department. The entire executive department is in capable hands.

The grounds have been admirably planned. The out-of-door floral display is to be on an extensive scale. The grounds are to be traversed by streams of running water, a lovely lake with lagoon has been constructed, the promenades and groves are carefully planned, and many novel features are promised the visitors to the Fair White City of the South.

GEORGE H. YENOWINE.

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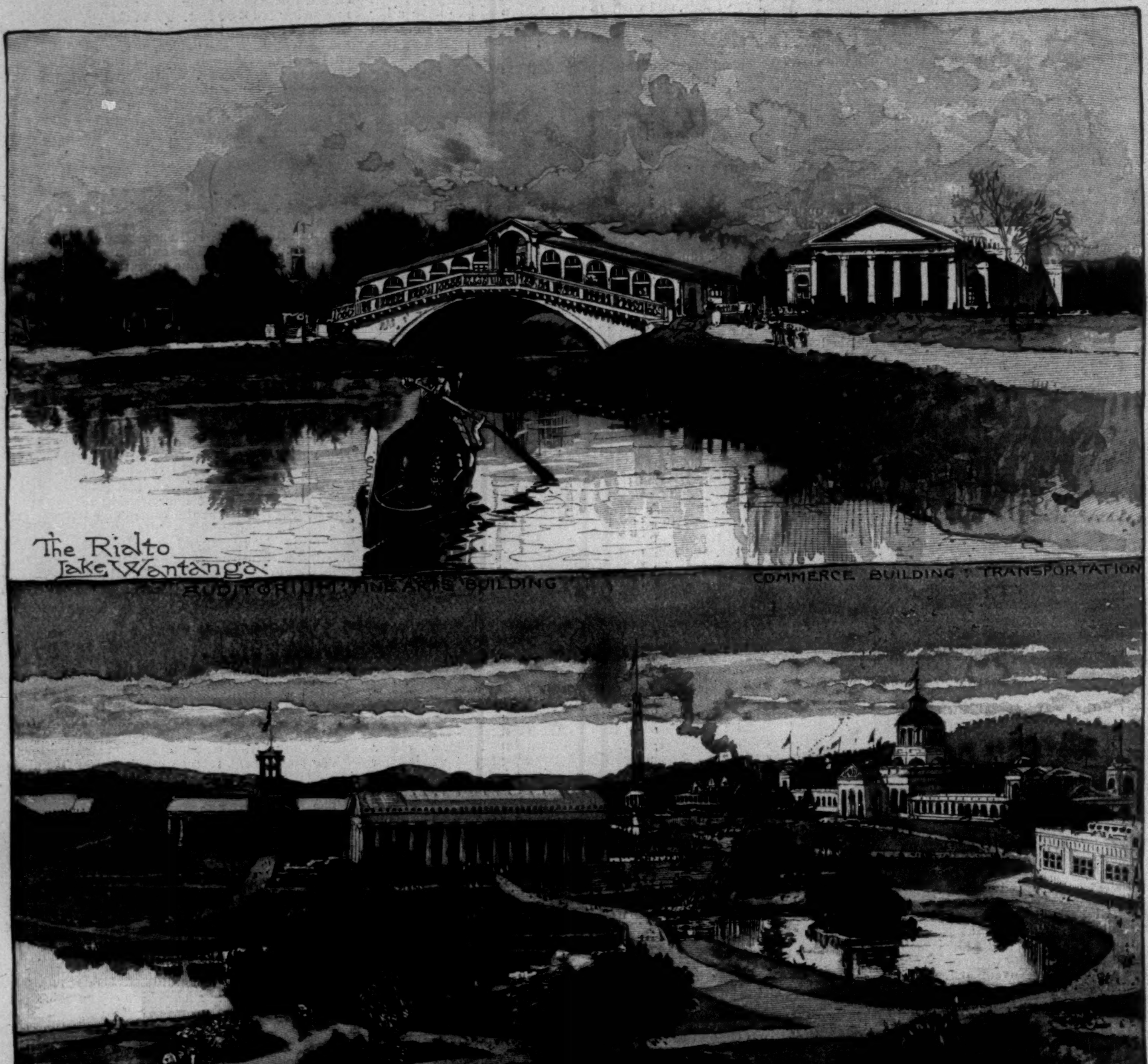
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.



THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NASHVILLE.

Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 11.]

A NEW-YEAR'S FANCY.—Drawn by P. S. Newell.

Oh, what a menace to our comfort!—what reproof to him that boasts!
Those vicious habits that, discarded, haunt our presence still like ghosts.

AFIELD WITH FACT.

MRS. BUFFORD'S LODGER-TRAP.

Women are sometimes charged with lack of ingenuity. That proud and noble being Man is wont to point to the Patent Office and ask, "What has she done?" But in looking at Achievement we should not neglect to take into consideration Means, and in the case in hand we must never forget that woman has had at her command but one implement, namely, the hair-pin. Can man button a shoe, or sharpen a lead-pencil, or drive a nail, or even mend a punctured bicycle tire with a hair-pin? It is a notorious fact that he cannot.

And when we leave the field of purely mechanical effort we find that woman's ingenuity fully equals or exceeds that of man. Take, for instance, the case of Mrs. Anna Bufford, of Kinzie Street, Chicago, whose recent adventure with an escaping boarder has reached us in Western advices. True, the lady's plan failed on this particular occasion, but this in no way reflects upon its ingenuity. It appears that Mrs. Bufford is a widow, who augments her income by letting lodgings, chiefly to single young men. Now, as everybody knows, the single young man is, generally speaking, an uncertain and impecunious creature, which is not surprising when we consider that he lacks the salutary management of a wife. Mrs. Bufford soon found that she was losing a great deal through the migratory habits of the single young man. His disgraceful custom was, through the use of honeyed words, and bricks in his trunk, to induce her to trust him for several weeks' rent, and then quietly to decamp. During the first year Mrs. Bufford pried open nine trunks, yielding an aggregate of one hundred and fourteen bricks. A simple man would have despaired; Mrs. Bufford called in a carpenter.

The lady's house was a comparatively new one, and everything was in good order. There were no sticky windows or squeaking doors. The stairs did not creak. Here was precisely where she saw her opportunity. She ordered the carpenter to take up every board in the stairs and put them down so they *would* creak. This the man did. Her own room opened off the hall at the foot of these stairs. Mrs. Bufford surveyed the mechanic's work with satisfaction. "There!" she remarked to herself; "the first single man that tries to sneak down them stairs with his things in a satchel is going to get left. No more bricks for this landlady!"

Mrs. Bufford's prediction proved true. In less than a week she had a chance to test her invention. It was two o'clock in the morning. Suddenly she heard a furious creaking of the stairs. She was expecting it and was prepared. She stepped out into the hall and confronted a nervous and frightened young man, four weeks back on his rent, coming cautiously down the stairs, with his shoes in one hand and a bulging grip-sack in the other. She simply reached out and relieved him of the satchel. "Keep the shoes, young man," she said, in a hoarse tone—"keep the shoes; you'll need 'em to hustle for the rent money so you can get this grip!" The unfortunate young single gentleman crept back up the vociferous stairs, took twelve large bricks from his trunk, pitched them into the back yard, and went to bed, thinking deeply. The next evening he paid his rent and got his satchel.

From that time onward the ingenious widow, with the aid of her improved audible stairs, bagged an average of two young men every three months. One bright youth let his valise down outside with a whip-lash, but his landlady gathered him in just the same, and held his shoes while he brought in the bag and lash. Last spring a junk-man took three push-cart loads of bricks out of her back yard, all hurled thither by baffled lodgers.

Matters ran along quietly till a week ago. Indeed, it is highly probable that had it not been for the incident we are about to relate the lady's invention would never have been heard of. But a month ago a young man employed in a dry-goods store began to show irregularity in his payments. He attributed his financial difficulties to too heavy contributions to foreign missions; but the exact cause is not material. He asked for time, which she readily granted him. He desired further extensions, which she as smilingly allowed. But her ear was nightly primed for the betraying creak. She was waiting for him on Thursday night of last week, smiling quietly to herself as she thought of how he would soon come like a lamb to

the slaughter. All was still. For some reason she happened to glance out into the hall. She was struck dumb at seeing the aforesaid lamb coming down astride the banister, with his satchel in his teeth, like a cat carrying a kitten. She stood glued to the spot. The young contributor to foreign missions shot by her like a toboggan, bounded off the newel-post, and struck the front door heavily. At this she recovered her self-control and leaped forward. But he was too quick for her. Wrenching open the door with both hands, still, so to say, catting his satchel, he fled down the steps, with the widow grasping the impalpable air in a vain attempt to seize his coat tails. She followed him to the corner, but the fellow escaped.

But Mrs. Bufford, of Kinzie Street, is, happily, as dauntless as she is ingenious. She has employed the carpenter again, and had him put a creak in the banisters. She now believes herself safe. H. C.

GUARDIAN TO HIS MAJESTY.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

After our perilous escape from Tezco, Pepeta and I came to San Agua, on the sea-coast, arriving a little after dawn. Just as I was getting a first good look at her face in the growing light, and promising myself that misfortune would never come to me again, since I had her at my side, Pepeta left me.

There! It was done as quickly as I flip the ash from my cigarette. A sudden swerving of her tired pacer from my side, a little mocking wave of the hand, and a faint "*Buenos dias, señor*"—that was all. Before I knew what was happening she had turned through the gateway of the convent and rode into the court of the nuns, where I did not dare to follow.

Of course I waited—staid there till the sun had reached the meridian and had begun to decline, but Pepeta did not come out to me. I grew alarmed, thinking that something had happened to her—that the long ride through the forests had exhausted her. Was she ill? I stood in the sandy road, while my horse cropped the guinea-grass by the road-side or nibbled the leaves of the wild pineapple, and the people who passed looked at me curiously, wondering what my errand might be. A lizard crawled up on the wall, making a little trail in the dust, and expanded his red throat till it looked like a splash of blood in the sunlight on the dead-white stucco. I did not notice anything at the time except that Pepeta did not come, but afterward each minute detail of that scene came before my eyes with the vividness of a painting.

Then a little lad, who ran errands for the nuns in the convent, came shambling out and stuck forward a piece of paper for me to take. His eyes were always on the horse, and when I took the note from him he never so much as looked at me, but, with his fingers in his mouth and his gaze still riveted upon my weary but sturdy Cid, backed slowly away.

This is what I read: "Go away!" the note said. "I do not know what people will say to see you waiting there. I am not coming out. I am very much ashamed of myself, and will stay here among the good sisters, where I was educated, till you are gone. If you do not obey me I shall hate you."

It was not signed with Pepeta's name, but I knew her writing well enough, and a word or two rose in my throat that I choked back, because I could not curse Pepeta. So she would stay in the convent, which had been her home, till I was gone. It was a curt dismissal, but I loved her, and she had risked her life for mine. Surely I should be but a miserable dog if I should refuse to obey her wish. So I remounted Cid and rode away, with my hat in my hand, the very picture, I imagine, of a dolorous knight. As I reflected that the convent was indeed like a home, where she had taken refuge, and that the very womanliness for which I loved her most had impelled her to take refuge there, I became more cheerful. I read the little note again. It did not forbid me to hope that when I had made a place in the world she would not refuse to come to me.

But when two days had passed, a certain Count Verchow, a German, who stood high in the court of Sant Iago, set sail for his South American home—he and his young wife, who had also been visiting the good sisters, where she had been a schoolfellow of Pepeta's. When they sailed, Pepeta went with them, so there was nothing left for me but to follow as well as I could.

I did not travel in state. Count Verchow had a private yacht, fitted with every comfort; but my finances only permitted one way—that was to take a mariner's berth on a trading-vessel. *La Tortuga* proved so much better than its name that I landed first at Melila, which is the seaport of Sant Iago.

Arrived at the capital, I lived in obscurity and poverty, while I saw with pride that Pepeta was presented at court and at once became a favorite. She deserved all the admiration she received, but I will not deny that I was impatient at the circumstances which kept us apart, and devised a thousand schemes for repairing my broken fortunes, so that I might again enter her presence on an equal footing. As it was, I was too proud to be seen by her, and I doubted whether she guessed even that I was in the kingdom; but long afterwards I found out that she knew all the while. In those hard days I parted with one possession after another that I might have bread, keeping at last only my sword. Then a chance came, as chances do, in an unexpected way. Standing at a street corner in the dusk, I overheard a snatch of a conversation. I drank in its meaning gratefully. The first speaker said:

"A king indeed! With a fragment of an army that will go over to the first enemy that will pay them wages or give them shoes; with officers who know their cards and the cockpits better than they do the manual of arms."

"Well," responded the other, "what would you have? The King himself sees that; only he does not know the way to remedy it. Soldiers do not grow on every bush, as formerly. There is not a ragged soldier of fortune who can come to the palace who is not eagerly welcomed as the possible savior of the state."

They passed on, and I was left standing hugging my sword and laughing to myself, so that any passer would have said, "There goes a poor fellow who has lost his wits." In two minutes I had made up my mind what to do; I would go to the King and offer him my services.

The next morning I waited outside of the palace, with beggars of every degree—importunate fellows who each thought that the world would stand still if he did not get his desire. I worked my way through the crowd till I had got a position near the door, and was therefore among the first to enter when the hour for admission arrived.

My last coin went with my application to be admitted to his Majesty, and when the boy who had condescended to receive one because of the other had returned, with gracious permission to enter the apartment where the King transacted business in the morning, I put on a bold front, and tried to divert attention from my somewhat shabby raiment by a military bearing.

I found myself ushered into a sumptuously decorated room, full of curios, bronzes, and works of art. A number of attendants and courtiers stood about and gazed scornfully or curiously at the new-comer. But my eyes were only directed to the King, who sat in a comfortable chair by a table, upon which were piled papers, maps, documents of all kinds. At his right hand stood the German Count Verchow, and near him the Minister of War.

His Majesty smiled and extended his hand to me, calling me by my name, which the usher had announced to him. "We are glad to see you, General Arroya. Yet you have not paid your respects promptly. We have been expecting you for these two weeks past."

"Your Majesty condescended to know that I was in Sant Iago?" I stammered.

"We are better informed than some of our subjects imagine," he responded, almost eagerly. "When a soldier of renown visits a kingdom, one naturally wonders for what purpose he has come."

"Why, as for that, your Majesty," I blundered, in my plain, blunt, soldier fashion, "I came here because I have a sword and skill to use it, and it is rusting in its scabbard for want of a cause. But as for your Majesty's knowing about me, I fear that you have confounded me with some one more famous."

The king turned to Count Verchow. "Did you not tell us, my friend, that General Arroya distinguished himself at Tezco lately?"

Verchow assented. "There!" said the King. "Are you not from Tezco?"

"Truly, your Majesty," I replied, bowing to cover my confusion. "I can hardly imagine that the unsuccessful leader of a rebellion will win favor at court by such a record. I would that your Majesty knew me by the victories I have won rather than by my one great failure."

"We know your ability, General, and would that we had a soldier of your mettle in our service!"

"That is easily arranged," I replied. "For I am here particularly to offer my service and my sword."

"There is nothing about your heart, General," he laughed.

"Why, it goes with the other two," I answered.

Then the laughing expression of the King's face changed to seriousness, and he leaned forward upon the table, looking at me very intently.

"Can I be sure, señor, that this is so?—that it will not be another Tezco at the end?"

"Tezco was a republic," I replied. "A commonwealth where the officers are elected to serve the people. Moñez tried to usurp power, and I, because I was a patriot—I opposed him."

He looked at me long and earnestly. "I will trust you," he said, finally; and then calling to the Secretary of War, he commended me to his good graces. "Let General Arroya have a command—or, better still, employ his talents in the reorganization of the army." Then with a few pleasant words I was dismissed, and was shortly invested with my new commission and a resplendent uniform.

Introduction to court followed as a matter of course. I was proud to think that I was to appear before Pepeta as an officer in the King's service rather than as the roving exile from Tezco. I felt that I had a place in the world, and one which any woman would respect.

When I had the good fortune to be presented to the Queen, I was struck with the beauty and dignity of her Majesty, and felt conscious that I had not failed to make an impression. Yet, though my heart was beating almost to suffocation, and the blood sang in my ears, it was not because of the royal favor and condescension, nor because of any impression that this noble lady made upon me. On the contrary, I wanted to leave the ceremonious compliments and tedious routine of etiquette which Spanish court customs demand, and to rush to fling myself at the feet of one of the maids of honor, who stood near the elbow of her royal mistress, and scrutinized me as though I had been a perfect stranger. Indeed, a signal which she managed to make unobserved conveyed to me her desire that I should treat her as such. I was sorely puzzled, and not a little annoyed, but obeyed her wish.

Back at my hotel that evening I pondered more than is my wont, being rather a man of action than of reflection; and perhaps that is the reason that the more I studied over Pepeta's attitude towards me the less I could fathom its causes. Surely we were now upon terms of equality. Surely I might address her without wounding her pride of station. A general in rank, and with the favor of royalty, was there any place in the realm to which a subject might aspire that I could not reach? Then I went in retrospect over the scene at court. Did Pepeta really motion me back, and bid me in dumb-show to keep my distance? The language of gestures is subject to misinterpretation, yet I knew that here was no room for misunderstanding. Pepeta's gestures were not equivocal. Finally I gave it up and went to bed.

Early in the morning, when the servant brought the usual cup of coffee and platter of fruit to my bedside, she announced a visitor.

"Who is it?"

"Señor Mendoza, the Minister of War."

I was out of bed on the instant, and soon greeted my superior on the veranda, where he had awaited me. Curious to know what had prompted this early call, I was yet constrained to act as though it were the most usual thing in the world for a member of the cabinet to call at such an unusual hour.

For a while we chatted upon ordinary matters, and each paid the ordinary compliments to the other. Finally he said:

"General, that was a neat affair of yours at Tezco. I have heard all the particulars from some—ah—friends of mine who were there at the time. I envy you the attempt, the action, the glory—everything, in fact, except the—the—"

"The unfortunate conclusion," I suggested. "But really, señor, it is not well to refer here to such an attempt, for it is apt to be misunderstood, and the last thing an officer of the King could wish would be a reputation as a revolutionist."

Mendoza bent a little nearer. "Indeed! Will it surprise you when I say that it was that very daring that first recommended you to me? I take pleasure in saying, señor, if I can do so without boasting, that it was I who informed the King of your presence in Sant Iago, and fired his desire to procure your services, for that was all cut and dried before you presented yourself."

While I listened, sure that the voice that addressed me had a familiar sound, it suddenly occurred to me that I had heard it on the street corner the evening before I made my application at the palace. It gave me a clew then. The Minister of War was not strong in his loyalty to the King. And yet he greeted me, would cultivate me, appreciated me because I had been a revolutionist, and he had used his influence to secure my services. I began to have an inkling of the purpose of this morning call. I felt angry enough to strangle this double-faced fellow with my hands. He, one of the King's chosen advisers, was an intriguing traitor, and complimented me by believing that I was of his own stamp. Some people will say that what he evidently had in his mind was neither more nor less than what I had attempted to Moñez; but Moñez could claim no allegiance from me—we were both servants of the state, and he was a bad one. My action in that case was patriotic. The same course pursued here would be dastardly and base. I felt, though, that it was no time to show the minister my disgust at what he suggested, since I would make a powerful enemy and do the King no good. I must cloak my true feelings and sentiments under a guise of courtesy, and appear to agree with what he was saying.

"The form of government that is now the most popular, and to which all kingdoms are tending, is the republican—do you not think so?"

"I have lived a great part of my life in a republic," I answered, "and I am inclined to believe its institutions are in many respects wisely planned."

Mendoza laughed—a saturnine, mirthless sort of laugh. "You are as cautious in your speech as a lawyer, General. Yet I see that you are a republican, at least." Then he continued: "I can picture here (supposing, of course, that the King was not living, and the succession was—ah—involved) a very nice republic. I would be President; and Count Miguel Espanoza, Trado Espaye, and Padre Zumarraga would be respectively ministers of State, War, and Justice, while our good friend General Arroya would command all the armies, and receive and disburse all the appropriations for their maintenance."

As Mendoza said this he looked at me very searchingly to see how the last bait he had thrown out was taken. I essayed to look as though the prospect pictured was entirely to my taste, and I think he was satisfied that I was an instrument entirely to his hand, for before he left he had more than outlined one of the most diabolical of plots for the overturning of the kingdom.

I was discreet, and so held the favor and confidence of the Minister of War, and shortly found myself in command of all the forces of the King. Under this favor I increased the army, and added to its efficiency in every possible way, choosing officers in whose loyalty I thought I could trust, and endeavoring by frequent exercise in evolutions and the manual of arms to perfect a weapon with which I could strike a heavy blow when the time should arrive.

In the mean time I was received with favor at court, and my admiration for the grace and beauty of the Queen increased. I do honestly believe that there have not been many women in the world more beautiful than she. She was wise, too—much wiser than the King—and imperious in her temper, as naturally became her station.

I met Pepeta, undergoing an introduction with gravity, and afterwards exchanging commonplace words with her. So strange did it seem that I wondered if I had ever really known her, or if the dreadful imprisonment after the revolution, or my escape through her devotion, had not all been a figment of the brain. At last, however, I got a chance to say a few words to her apart. It was an opportunity for which I had eagerly planned, and yet its result gave me little satisfaction, for to all of my ardent protestations Pepeta only answered that "it would ruin all my chances at court were we to proclaim our intimacy."

She looked bewitchingly lovely in her black mantilla of

soft lace framing her demure face, and her dainty slippered foot tapping time to the band music even while she talked with me. But her face flushed with something like scorn as I persisted, and she said:

"You say that my friendship is worth more to you than the favor of Queen or court— Nay, hush! Do not speak so impetuously, or you will be overheard. I am afraid you are very selfish, and do not think of me at all."

"On the contrary, I think of nothing else."

"Your thinking is to little purpose, then, if you cannot see what the result would be if you were to let these people know that I was stupid enough to save your life and then ride with you all night through the forest. Even the Verchows do not know it, and I do not intend that any one ever shall. What!"—and she tossed her head back indignantly—"do you value me so lightly that you would make me the target for all these loose tongues? They would catch up our story as a wolf would a bone, and gnaw my reputation away in an hour. Go and tell them. I have no power to prevent you, but from the moment that you do I shall hate you."

"I have no desire to tell any one," I responded, rather sulkily.

"Be generous. You say that you love me. Then you will love my good name more than all else, and will guard it as jealously as you would your own honor."

I saw that she was right, and I must follow her instructions, only hoping to make her acquaintance, as it were, anew. But to do this I had little opportunity.

At this time I had a captain named Leland, a gallant young fellow of French family, who gave such good evidence of being trustworthy that I confided to him something of the intrigue in which I was engaged between the King and the Minister of War, and received his assurance that he would closely follow my example. This was the more necessary as I contrived that he should be given command of the palace guards, a body composed of the sons of the archconspirators and others of their own stamp. Leland, I soon found, had a sweetheart in the daughter of Count Miguel Espanoza, the Secretary of State. She was a sweet girl, maid of honor to the Queen, and the bosom friend of Pepeta.

Hardly had all things been arranged, the army reorganized, and the state put upon a proper military footing, when a war broke out with our eastern neighbors, between whom and the kingdom of Sant Iago there had long been a boundary dispute. I hailed the news with gladness, it was such a welcome change from the cabals and intrigues of the capital. I made my preparations to take the field with all expedition, and yet I had some misgivings lest the conspirators should strike their blow during my absence.

Somewhat to my dismay, King Aguela proposed to accompany the army to the boundaries. I did not doubt his Majesty's courage, having conceived a respect for him, in spite of his inexperience and blunders in matters of statecraft, but I was certain that the moment was inopportune for him to remove himself from the city. However, my protests were all disregarded, and the King only laughed as he took me by the arm and said, "Now, General, I see that you are jealous lest I should steal all your soldiercraft and excel you at your favorite game."

"Your Majesty is not so blind as to misjudge me in such a manner."

"No, Arroya, but I am going just the same, so set your mind at ease. I am restless, and I think this war was sent to quiet my nerves."

I left Leland to keep an eye upon the Queen and her family, and strictly charged him to communicate with me at once if anything suspicious occurred.

Mendoza was uneasy. I do not know whether he had begun to doubt my relation to the conspiracy or not, but he certainly seemed to be planning something about which I was not consulted. He and Espaye and Zumarraga had their heads together constantly. This was the condition of affairs when I left for the frontier. On the evening of the fifth day after our departure, while we were within sight of the enemy and planning for a battle on the morrow, which I hoped would prove to be decisive, a courier came to me with a message from Leland.

By the light of a lantern in my tent I read it, and my heart went heavy, because it stated that matters at the capital had reached a state where concealment was no longer possible. Mendoza's wife had set up a court rivalling that of the Queen, and many courtiers who trimmed with the breeze were attending her, while but a few partisans adhered to the Queen. Of this number were Leland's inamorata and Pepeta. "If possible, return," said the letter, "or all is lost here."

There was one thing only to be done. I must press the battle on the morrow and bring the war to an end, at whatever sacrifice, or retire to the capital and leave the frontier in possession of the enemy.

At daybreak the battle commenced. Its details are not germane to this narrative. For five hours the tide of war ebbed and flowed, and the fate of our cause hung in a balance. We did what we could, and with the result that before noon we had driven the enemy from his last stronghold and were chasing him at the point of the bayonet.

But, alas! the very hour of our victory was blackened by the death of the King, who fell mortally wounded by a traitorous shot fired by some unknown man in our own ranks. I received his Majesty's last words, and he breathed out his life while his head was resting on my arm. I forgot the king in the handsome, frank young man, from whom I had received nothing but kindness and trust, and God knows how hotly I hated the serpent that struck him!

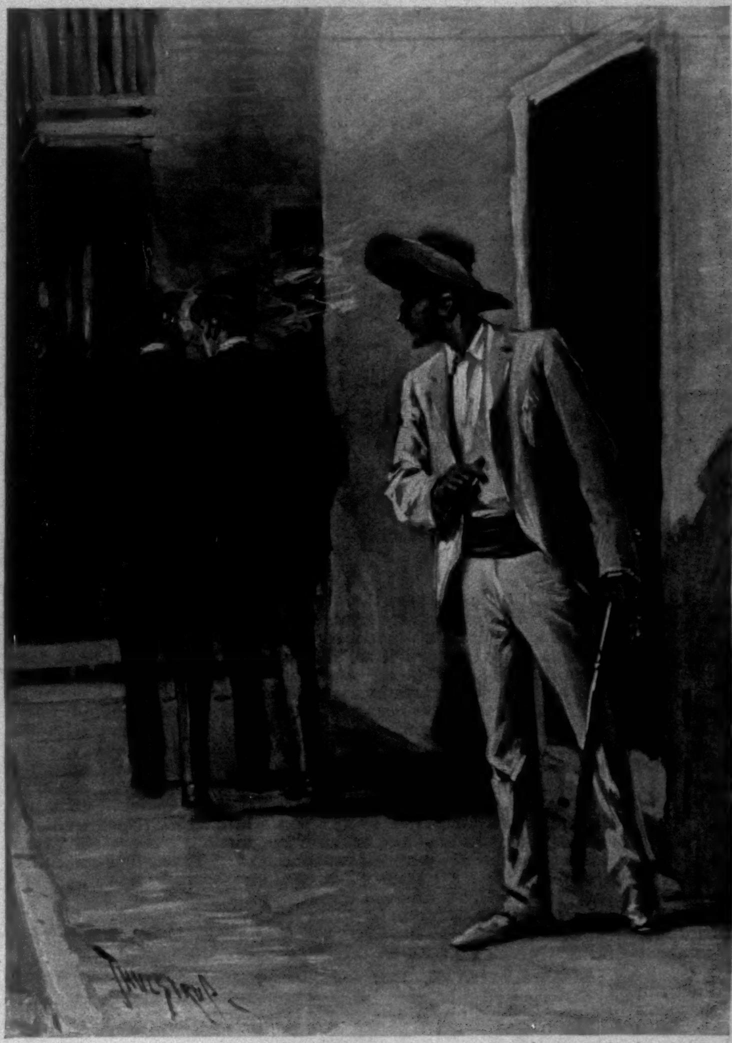
"For this," I thought, "you are responsible, Señor Mendoza, and for this you shall pay me with your life."

After the King's death I made hasty arrangements with the officer next to me in command, and making as though I would reconnoitre, slipped out of sight, and was soon speeding as fast as a good horse would carry me to the capital. I knew that whoever had struck the cowardly blow was probably even now on his way by the shortest road to bear his evil news to Mendoza. As I rode I looked closely for a trail, and soon saw upon the road the splaying marks made by a horse's hoofs in mad gallop. I had a powerful mount, whose wind was perfect, and whose staying power I did not believe could be excelled. Measuring his stride by that of the horse that I was trying to overtake, I saw at once that the other was shorter—a fact which gave me strong hope.

Two hours I rode without slackening my pace, and began to wonder that the great machine of blood and bones and thews that I bestrode did not show signs of faltering, when I heard a horse laboring ahead of me, and in another moment caught sight of a man who rode close to the saddle-bow, and urged his animal with spur and voice.

I called to him to halt, but he only made more frantic efforts to escape. With this, for the first time, I put spur to my horse, and began to close up the distance rapidly.

Suddenly, finding the game too hot for him, the rider turned in the saddle and began to fire. Two bullets whizzed past me, but a third found lodgement in my horse, and I could feel from the great bound that he made that he was sorely wounded. Again, and he fell. I pitched headlong, and ere I could gather myself and get on my feet my enemy had disappeared.



"THEY PASSED ON, AND I WAS LEFT STANDING HUGGING MY SWORD."

No doubt he congratulated himself at having unhorsed me, while none of my bullets had reached him. I will acknowledge that for a moment as I heard him clattering away I was discouraged, but a little reflection convinced me that he had already urged his steed almost to the limit of its endurance, and must soon rest or fall. The capital was now but fifty miles distant. I knew that should it come to a contest in which personal endurance would count, I should reach the court first. Truly my horse was dead, but I, who had run from Tezco to the silver-caves—There! I did not even stop to think about it. I was on my feet in an instant, disencumbered of all the weight of accoutrements not absolutely necessary for my defence, and was pressing forward on foot. Before another hour had passed I came upon the foolish courier, who was seated by his expiring horse, little expecting to see me on his track. He was too surprised to make much resistance, nor could I spare the time to make him prisoner.

"A message from the King," I said, as I wiped the smut from my pistol-barrel and returned it to my belt. The poor devil lay across his horse, the dead and the dying.

It was nightfall when I reached the palace. Leland met me at the very door, and from him I learned all that I wanted to know, and gave him my orders. Then I strode, unannounced, into the drawing-room, where at one end the Queen, and at the other Countess Mendoza, gathered about them the younger aristocracy. I noted with grief that the Queen was almost deserted, and with pride that, of the few who remained, Pepeta was first.

I could feel the start of surprise with which every one turned at my entrance. Mendoza came towards me with a look of expectation on his face, and the Queen half rose from her seat in her eagerness. I did not pause till I had reached her, when I dropped on my knee and kissed the hand she extended. Then rising, I faced that expectant audience, and shouted, rather than spoke: "The King has been victorious! Our arms are successful!"

I could see Mendoza's face blanch at this, but he dared not hold back. He approached me and greeted me with his treacherous soft voice.

But I said, "Señor Count, I have a message from the King for you." And as he listened for what I should next say I ran him through with my sword, so that he fell dead at the Queen's feet. Her Majesty sprang up in astonishment, and a murmur of rage mingled with the shrieks of alarm which followed the momentary silence which my action had caused. But I stood above the body of the Minister of War, with my sword still drawn, and said: "This man was an enemy of the realm, and plotted against the life of the King. Let all who sympathize with him or his cause be careful what they say, for my guards are around the palace, and the King is returning." This I said to gain time, wishing, indeed, that it could have been true.

The Countess Mendoza was carried in a swoon from the audience-room, but her following seemed suddenly to have left her, and all remained to see what would occur next. At that moment Leland appeared opportunely at the north door, and I called out to him,

"Captain, are the guards disposed as I have ordered?"

He, seeing what I would convey to these people, answered, without hesitation, that the guards were set, and added, of his own motion, that the prisoners were confined. At this not a few of those in the audience-room turned pale. Then I spoke again, this time to the people around us.

"The Queen desires me to say that the audience is dismissed."

Presently the room was vacant, save for the Queen and her maids, me, and the dead man on the floor. Her Majesty was regarding me with wonder and expectation, for she knew that the scene was not all played out. When all were gone save Pepeta and one other I said,

"Can your Majesty trust these ladies with a great secret?"

And she answered, "I would trust them with my secrets or my life, since they alone were faithful when all the world left me."

"I must urge upon your Majesty that you hear what I have to say as a queen, forgetting utterly that you are a woman."

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "Quick! What is your news? The King?"

"For the sake of your son and the safety of his succession, make no outcry and show no sign, though the news kill you."

Then the Queen straightened herself and looked fearlessly into my eyes, and said: "Tell your news. I listen."

So I told her that the armies were victorious, but that the King was dead—slain by the messenger of the man who lay at her feet, and that the messenger as well as his master had answered for his crime. For a long time not a word was whispered. There was not a sound in the chamber. When the Queen spoke again it was with such magnificent control that I could hardly believe my senses.

"General, you have our thanks for your faithfulness. My son, the King, will not forget what you have done. Will you order that the body of this traitor be removed, and the people of the court be summoned again? It is not well that they should imagine that any disaster has befallen."

In a little time the court was thronging about the lately deserted woman, who was bearing the pang of her fresh widowhood in such an imperial way that not one of those who vied with each other in doing her homage guessed that anguish like a knife was at her heart.

Leland and I spent that night in anxiety and fear. I had ordered, when I left the front, that two troops of my fleetest cavalry should follow me at once to the capital, and the rest of the army at as swift a pace as possible. Our feint of guarding the palace, which literally swarmed with our enemies, had been made with but five men—all that we dared to trust. We knew that daylight would detect the fraud, and might—probably would—put us in the power of our enemies.

But with the first gray of dawn came the regular hoofbeats of cavalry, and my two best troops drew rein in the court-yard of the palace.

Then I arrested the ringleaders of the rebellion, and executed two of them for their crime, and the Queen put off her mask of gayety and went into mourning for the King, and the little prince was proclaimed King, and reigned in his father's stead, under the regency of his mother.

Now that I had become at a stroke the chief man in the kingdom, I thought it time that Pepeta acknowledge me, or at least show me a little favor; but she was resolute in her refusal, even giving me to understand that she would not stand in the way of my "career," as she was pleased to term it.

"If I admit you to my favor you will begin to loose that of the Queen," she argued.

"What absurdity! As though the Queen might care who favored me!"

"Yet it would be so, because she is a woman as well as a queen. Wait."

"I have waited—very long. What do I care for the Queen's good-will compared with yours?"

"Hush! You must not talk so. She can make you—anything. Without her you will fall back again to nothing, in spite of all that you have done."

I would have argued the matter further, but Pepeta ran away from me.

The Queen was Regent, but I was the right hand of the

"THIS MAN WAS AN ENEMY OF THE REALM, AND PLOTTED AGAINST THE LIFE OF THE KING!"

Queen, and in power was supreme in the kingdom of Sant Iago. With the death of Mendoza and his chief accomplices sedition seemed to have died out. In my own hands I kept the portfolios both of War and of State, finding in Leland an able and active assistant. Count Verchow was Minister of Finance, and a gentleman of his choosing undertook the education of the little Prince.

I got to love the boy, as I had begun to love his father. He came to me for every little thing, insisting that I should share his boyish interests, and even join in his sports. Personally I taught him to handle weapons, to shoot, and to hunt, and I dare say no boy of his age in the kingdom could have ridden a horse half so well. I was proud of him. Sometimes in the dead of night I would hear his signal—always an irresistible summons—to join him in some prank. I never refused, knowing that did he find other companions he and not they would be master, and then the pranks might become evil. I never knew a more affectionate lad. Though he was a King, he would steal up behind me sometimes and put both arms about my neck.

In those days Leland's course of true love did not run any more smooth than did mine. Count Espanoza's daughter, loyal herself, could not be expected to forgive the judge of her father, and the disgrace of her family exiled her from court—though no one ever suspected her, poor girl, of complicity with the Count's crime. Leland, as my close friend and helper, shared something of my odium. As a consequence he was very unhappy; but, perhaps on that account, I could find no fault with his conduct of public business.

I saw much of the Queen. She called upon me on all occasions, trusting me with everything, and making me in all things both her councillor and her mouth-piece. The strangeness of this situation, which had somewhat oppressed me at first, soon wore off, and it became the most natural thing in the world that I should be constantly *tête-à-tête* with her Majesty.

We did not, indeed, always talk upon affairs of state, or the education of the young King, which had at first engrossed our attention. I was led by much questioning to recount for her entertainment the story of my adventures—telling of battles, victories, escapes, till I could see the blood mantle under her skin, and her eyes shone upon me like stars. One story only I never told—that of the disastrous rebellion, the boy whom I saved in the silver-caves, and the escape from Moñez's prison.

As the Queen became more confidential and kind, it seemed to me that Pepeta was harder to approach, if possible, than ever. She would hardly vouchsafe me a word, or, when she did, was always harping upon the one string, that I must not ruin my chances with the Queen—as though that would have made any difference!

One day—a day that may never be forgotten—I had been talking with the Queen, when she said to me, suddenly, while her color came and went:

"Duke"—she had elevated me to a rank next to royalty—"Duke, in all of your adventures there have been no love-stories. Have you never loved?"

I was nonplussed. Too agitated and confused to answer for a moment, I met her eyes bent upon mine with a look that I had never seen there before, and she said, very gently: "You can be very loyal, my friend. Yours is the kind of a heart that a woman would prize very highly."

"I have never found it so," I answered, bitterly; for I was thinking of Pepeta. She misunderstood me, and continued, while her breath came a little faster:

"Perhaps you have been mistaken. Arroya, can you love? Suppose that some woman should say to you that she had everything in the world but the love of one true man, do you not think your very chivalry would lead you to give her yours?"

"But, madam, if any woman should say such a thing, I fear that it would drive away a man's love rather than attract it, for few men like boldness in a woman."

She colored to the temples, but continued: "True, with a woman of ordinary station that would be boldness unpardonable. But if she who wooed was a—"

I did not allow her to finish. In a flash the whole dreadful situation was clear to me. The Queen was asking of me that which I must deny her.

I sprang to my feet, crying: "Madam—your Majesty! One story I have never told you, but now I must change my mind and tell it to you."

She had regarded my rude interruption with astonishment. "The story may wait," she answered, coldly.

"Not so—under pardon," I rejoined. "For it is what you inquired after—it is a love-story." Then, without waiting for permission, I began to tell my one love-story, the story of Tezco and my escape, and as I proceeded the Queen's cheek went red and pale by turns; but I forgot her, forgot my surroundings, forgot everything but the girl after whom my whole heart yearned.

At the end there was silence, till the Queen asked, "You love her?"

"With my whole heart."

"And her name?" The tone was icily cold.

"It is Pepeta. She who is maid of honor to your Majesty."

There was a little cry that made me turn with a start, to see Pepeta come towards me, with her face shining, for she had heard and understood. Then the woman forgot the Queen, and the vials of wrath and scorn and sudden hate were opened over both of us, and we shrank like culprits from the storm I had invoked; but all the while Pepeta, with whom I could do nothing in my prosperity, was drawing closer and closer to my side, as though to share the burden of my sudden disgrace.

I do not know to what lengths the scene might not have been carried had not the little King entered, who ran up to me and seized me by the hand.

"Arroya, listen; I want to tell you something."

Seeing that I did not attend to his words immediately, he drew back with childish dignity.

"Arroya, I am the King."

At this I turned and dropped to one knee before him. "Your pardon, my King," I began; but he laughed merrily, and would have me get up again.

"Why, General, what a stupid old fellow you are, to think I was really angry with you! I am a King to everybody else, but to you I am only a little boy that you gave a kingdom to. You could have had it yourself, every one says. Mamma says so, and she told me that the man who can give a kingdom is greater than the one who only takes it. Come—my guard has a new uniform. I want you to see it."

He tried to pull me away. I turned my eyes first to the Queen and then to Pepeta, who stood before her. Her Majesty was looking down, and her bosom still heaved with the violence of the recent tempest; but with that regal air that so befitted her she suddenly raised her splendid brow and called the boy King to her side. Then she held out her hand to me, and as I approached she took mine and placed that of his little Majesty within it, saying to him, very seriously and sweetly:

"He gave you a kingdom. Go and learn from him what it is worth."

THE LEAVES OF TIME.

(1896–1897.)

THE leaves of Time, how swift they turn—
  Each year is as an arrow sped;
Death catches one within his urn,
  Another comes rose-garlanded.

The written leaf has passed our power
  Either to alter or undo;
And now we face the solemn hour
  Which ushers in the leaf that's new.

Though tender love and fond regret
  Checker for us the year that's past,
Hope's shining promise beckons yet
  To vistas looming grand and vast.

Let cypress drape the year which went
  Down the dark corridors of Time;
While lilies wreathe the one unspent
  Which heralds joys and dreams sublime.

The travel of the stars and sun
  Goes on in noiseless mystery;
We see transcendent things begun,
  But not at all what yet shall be.

So strange these human annals are,
  So far they reach beyond our ken;
The motion of the farthest star
  Is somehow with the sons of men

Linked in a destiny unseen,
  But shaping, as the leaves unroll,
Greater fruition than has been
  For every waiting human soul.

Pray that this leaf of spotless white,
  Whose clean space covers land and sea,
In all its issues infinite
  Help for a better world may be.

May war's red horrors fade, and cease,
  And human love have larger birth,
And may the thousand years of peace
  Descend to hallow all the earth.

JOEL BENTON.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

IV.—STREET-CLEANING IN PARIS.

It was with especial interest that I made my first examination of the streets of Paris, for I remembered them as being in excellent condition in 1889 (Exposition year).

After a close and careful examination I should say that they are quite as well swept as our streets, and that there is nowhere to be found the defective pavement of which we have so much. In the matter of litter, however, I think that New York is much better cared for. Except in the more frequented show streets, and to a certain extent even there, there is more paper scattered, and in many parts of the town much less attention seems to be paid to its collection and removal. On the whole, I think we lose nothing in the comparison. New York is as clean and at least as tidy as Paris. The methods of work in the French capital are in many respects different from what was found in other cities, and very different from the methods here.

In 1859 the cleaning of the streets was transferred from the Préfecture de Police to the Préfecture de la Seine, and it was then placed in the hands of the Engineering Department. The cost at that time could not be learned; but the cost in 1872 was 3,808,000 francs; in 1877 it was 4,618,000; in 1889 it was 6,530,000. It is now about 8,000,000 francs. Formerly it was the duty of all property-owners to clean one-half of the street, if this did not exceed six metres (20 feet). This work is now done by the city, and is paid for by a special tax on the property, which, for this purpose, is divided into three classes, that occupied (1) by buildings, (2) by walls or open grounds, (3) by vacant lots. In no case is the charge more than the actual cost to the city. In some cases it is materially less. Property-holders must still remove snow and ice from the sidewalks, according to specific regulations.

The total surface swept (1889) was 15,562,000 square metres. Of this, the property taxed paid for 8,721,000 metres, and the city for 6,840,000. The amount of the tax was 3,140,000 francs. The average cost per square metre was 36 centimes (7 cents) per annum.

WASTE-PAPER-GATHERERS RETURNING HOME AT 6.30 A.M.

JOINTED PIPES FOR STREET-SPRINKLING DIRECT FROM HYDRANTS.

The sweeping force is divided into 149 gangs. In the central part of the city each gang consists of a foreman, assistant foreman, and 20 to 25 men or women, most of whom work during the morning, at the necessary sweeping, and to assist in the loading of the wagons. In the afternoon only the regular route men are at work. They keep the streets in order, wash the gutters and urinals, care for markets, etc. Outside of the centre, the gangs consist of one foreman, four route men, and 15 to 20 sweepers, the last usually working only in the forenoon. Work begins at 4 A.M. all the year round. The half day ends at 11 A.M., and the full day at 4 P.M. The entire force consists of 3200 regular hands, with extra men for emergencies. The pay is by the hour, the men receiving 32, 34, and 37 centimes, and the women, children, and old men, 25, 27, and 30 centimes. The route men are paid by the month—120 to 125 francs for the leaders, and 105 francs for the ordinary men. Of this they are required to pay five francs per month into a savings fund, which is repaid to them when they quit the service. All men regularly employed are also obliged to join a mutual benefit society.

The workmen of the street-cleaning service of Paris are not uniformed, and, except for their numbered badges, they are not to be distinguished from other working-men. The slouchy and often faded blue or black blouse so generally worn is neither distinctive nor attractive. It is comfortable, cheap, and cheap-looking.

Sweeping-machines are used for auxiliary work on paved streets and for emergencies, as during a thaw, and when it is required that the streets should be cleaned rapidly for special occasions.

All street sprinkling is done by the city, and under the direction of the engineers having charge of the cleaning. Sprinkling costs just about twice as much per square metre for macadam, of which there is a great deal, as for pavement. The water-carts weigh when empty about 1400 pounds, and when full about 4000 pounds, with the driver. Where water is conveniently furnished they deliver at least two loads per hour. The sprinklers cover a width of about 16 feet, and one load suffices for 800 to 900 square metres; 370 water-carts are now used. These belong to the city, which hires horses—one to each cart—and drivers at 340 francs ($68) per month.

More recently, on the principal streets, much use is made of jointed pipes attached to hydrant cocks provided for the purpose. This apparatus is made of from four to six pieces of pipe, each two metres long, with flexible joints, and running on small casterlike trucks. They reach to about seventy-five feet, and the cocks supplying them are about 150 feet apart. The work is very effective, and costs only half that of water-cart work.

On asphalt and wood much use is made of the squeegee (a rubber scraper). A man working this walks at least at the rate of two miles per hour and covers 1200 square metres. If strong and skilful he may cover 2000 metres. There is still a good deal of work done in a much more primitive and antiquated way. Water is set running in the gutters, and is dammed here and there by a bunch of untidy-looking old rags. The workman throws this water with a common scoop over the sidewalk and into the street. This does very well for washing sidewalks in conjunction with the squeegee, but its use is certainly not to be commended on the score either of tidiness or of economy. All pavements are sprinkled before sweeping if the weather is dry. If the streets are slimy from light rains the squeegee is used. Unless there is much mud or horse-manure, machines are not needed. When the machine is used in wet weather, or in dry, the stroke is gathered together with a common birch broom, such as is used in Buda-Pesth and almost universally in European towns. The sweeping-machines used cover 6000 square metres per hour.

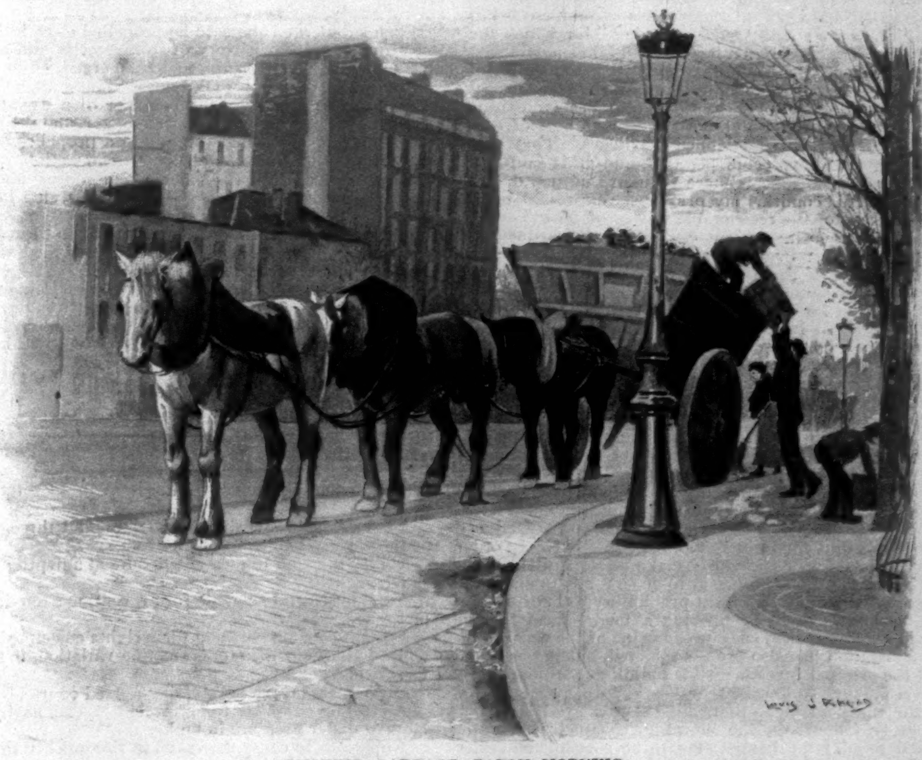
It is stated in the official report that what cannot be taken up is washed into the sewer, and that where there is much sand they save what they can of it for resanding the streets when slippery. To the ordinary observer it seems that they wash into the sewers all that can be got rid of in that way, and the accounts given of the amount of deposit regularly cleaned from the sewers would indicate that this method is carried to excess. It leads to the conclusion, which my earlier observation in other directions has indicated to be correct, that the sewers of Paris are many of them as dirty as the streets are clean.

In dry weather wood pavements are washed daily, asphalt every two days, and stone and macadam every three days. This washing is done between 4 and 8 A.M.

The order of work is as follows: from 4 to 6.30 A.M., sweeping and washing of sidewalks and streets, washing and disinfecting places soiled by urine, and cleaning public urinals; 6.30 to 8.30, assisting the wagons in taking up house wastes and general sweepings; 8.30 to 11, gathering droppings, washing gutters, sprinkling streets, cleaning and disinfecting urinals; 11 to 1, mid-day meal. This may be advanced to 10 o'clock or put off till 12 if the exigencies of the work require it. Sometimes only one hour is allowed for the meal. In very hot weather the sprinkling is continued through this noon rest, the men taking turns, but each being allowed one hour for his repast. From 1 to 4 the same work as from 8.30 to 11; from 4 to 7 this work is continued in case of necessity; from 7 to 9 P.M., during the five winter months, continuing the occasional sanding of asphalt and wood which has gone on during the day. This is supplemental work, and the men do it by turns. The work about the markets continues from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., at intervals, and as it can be done without interfering with the operations of the market-men. It includes the disinfection of all places soiled, as by cleaning fish, etc.

The official report of public works says: "The streets are sanded as many times during the day as is necessary to prevent the surface from becoming slippery. This is one of the operations of which the performance should never be delayed."

The garbage and other household refuse, as well as the sweepings of the streets, are taken up by the wagons be-



REMOVING GARBAGE—EARLY MORNING.

tween 6 and 8.30 A.M. in summer, and between 7 and 9 in winter. Garbage was formerly placed at the edge of the sidewalks. This led to a very untidy condition from the scattering of the material by rag-pickers and others, and accidents resulted from the falling of broken bottles, pottery, etc., into the streets. To avoid this, owners are now obliged to provide for their tenants, from 9 P.M. until morning, one or more receptacles for all household wastes. These are set out at least an hour before the time for collection, and are taken in immediately after collection. They have to be kept in a sound and cleanly condition, and they can receive nothing but household wastes.

Every three years bids are received for the work of collection, the contractor becoming the owner of all that he collects. Formerly this resulted in a profit to the city—that is, the material was worth more than the cost of removal. Then for a time the value was about equal to the cost. At present the city pays for its removal over 2,000,000 francs per annum. One reason for this change of condition is that there is now a smaller number of subcontractors, such as the market-gardeners, who used to occupy lands now covered with buildings, and who aided the city contractors in their work, and paid something for what they collected; another is the greater distance to which it is necessary to cart all refuse, because of the growth of the city; and especially because the authorities of suburban districts have become more severe in their requirements as to the deposit of waste materials. These conditions have also led to an increased cost of the material as delivered to farmers, so that these now prefer to buy stable manure. For purposes of removal the city is divided into sections, for which special rates of payment are tabulated. Selected and well-known contractors bid for each section—so much more or less than the fixed tariff. They are required to take all refuse from houses, restaurants, barracks, etc., etc., to remove street sweepings, including fallen leaves, all market refuse, and such spoiled food-supplies as are seized for bad condition. The contractor himself chooses the route for the working of the different wagons in his section, but this is subject to the control of the engineer, with a view to the prevention of overloading, interference with traffic, and too early hours for the comfort of people who are not early astir. These routes cannot be changed without the approval of the authorities. In regulating them the contractor arranges for a certain amount of work to be done by farmers' wagons at convenient hours and places. The contractor's vehicles are generally large, with broad tires for country travel. They have a hoisting apparatus for loading, and are served by two men.

The coming of the wagon to remove household refuse is announced by the ringing of a specified bell. It is required that all wagons be kept painted and thoroughly disinfected, and the administration has control over the men as well as the vehicles. The city provides three men or women during the two hours of collection to assist in loading each wagon. If receptacles are roughly handled and injured, the employee is held responsible, and is obliged to pay for repairing or replacing them.

The contract for the removal of refuse includes an obligation to furnish teams for sweeping-machines and water-carts at a fixed tariff. In case of need, the contractor must help in the removal of snow and ice. The contractor must present himself daily, at a fixed hour, at the engineer's office for instructions, and he is obliged to keep his own office open from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., and to maintain telephonic connection there.

A two-horse wagon service, including the collection of house wastes and sweepings—that is, including everything that is to be carted away, serves an average population of about 3500. Each wagon costs the city, on an average, from ten to eleven francs per day.

No comparison can be made as to the cost of carting in Paris and New York. The French are less wasteful than we are, and household refuse consequently amounts to less; but, on the other hand, we have to remove everything, while a very large part of the street sweepings of Paris is run into the sewers.

There is one curious thing about the collection of the materials in Paris—that is, that the rag-pickers seem to be under the special protection of the government, and are allowed full swing at the receptacles as they stand on the sidewalks, and even on the wagons as they are being loaded. What we call "scow-trimming," for which the city of New York receives a large sum, is thus abandoned to individual enterprise, and is carried on at the source of supply rather than at the point of dumping.

These rag-pickers—over 40,000 in number—constitute a regularly organized guild, with their own cost of conduct, and with their well-defined privileges. They earn from twenty to fifty cents per day, and it is said that their aggregate income is more than five million dollars per year. This confirms my previously expressed belief that the value of the recoverable wastes of New York is more than the entire present cost of the Department of Street-cleaning. Properly systematized, the collection and separation of these wastes would result at least in great economy to the city.

Efforts thus far made in Paris to utilize garbage have resulted in loss. It was thought that the shells of mussels and oysters might be converted into a manure, but this scheme has been given up, and they are now dumped into abandoned quarries in the vicinity of the city.

The question of distant transportation of the city's wastes, by water or by rail, has been carefully investigated, and the outlook is not promising. Water transportation means a difficulty from droughts, which may interfere with it for weeks together, from floods, which are often serious, and from the freezing of the waterways. This method is therefore unavailable, because it is not reliable for the daily use which is absolutely necessary. Delivery by rail has thus far been found too expensive. In order to reach lands poor enough to make matters of this kind of value, it would be necessary to go so far as to make the lowest possible rate of freight prohibitory. The question has been mooted of establishing a model farm for the city, on which to demonstrate the value of the wastes.

Incineration has also been considered, but it was found that the original investment for buildings and machinery would amount to 6,000,000 francs, and that there would be the embarrassment that, while the material is collected in two hours in the morning, economical working would require the incineration to be continued uninterruptedly day and night. The whole question is still open, and it is an extremely knotty one. Everything points to a steady and large increase of the cost of final disposition, whatever method may be resorted to.

Neither in street-cleaning, in the removal of household wastes, nor in final disposition did I find any suggestions which would be of use in New York, save as to the value of the saleable refuse.

THE HOLLAND SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT.

The taking subject of under-water navigation, to which the imagination of Mr. Jules Verne lent itself with such charm, received with the advent and adoption of the automobile torpedo a new impetus, which flooded the navy departments of the world with schemes, most of which were more impracticable than Monsieur Verne himself.

That it was possible to make a vessel which should be capable of sinking to and remaining at any required depth had its analogy in nature, in the fish. And why should not man, following nature, adapt her methods to a boat. This has not, however, yet been done so far as to enable a boat to lie as quiescent as a fish at any fixed point; the automatic machinery of the first has yet to be paralleled. Our best efforts in this direction so far have been accomplished with horizontally acting propellers, which must be kept in motion to effect such purpose.

A fixed depth, however, can be maintained so long as the vessel is kept in motion at a considerable speed. This is best exemplified in the automobile torpedoes known as the Whitehead and Howell, which are perfectly successful in this respect.

Whether after having solved the problem of so navigating a vessel carrying a crew there would be any great object gained from the point of view of navigation there must remain strong doubts. No light with which the craft can now or will in future be furnished will penetrate the medium in which it is submerged. Submarine vessels must move in absolute darkness, except for the slight glow which would feebly illuminate a few feet of the water about them.

For war purposes, however, there are other advantages which somewhat offset such a difficulty: the distances to be made are not great; invisibility at any desired moment and a consequent freedom from injury by gun fire can be obtained, and the vessel can be navigated under water with a fair degree of accuracy for the moderate distances required.

The principal use of such a boat will, from the impossibility of under-water observation, be found to be when not completely submerged, but only sufficiently so still to allow a view from above water, thus presenting but a small target either for shot or observation by the enemy.

Several countries have, in the last fifteen or twenty years, tried their hand in the solution of the problems involved, but the only two which have done so seriously are France and the United States, though there have been attempts in England; these efforts have met with but little measure of appreciation from the naval authorities of that country in view of the fact that all minor weapons of this character, as torpedoes, etc., tell against a great naval power and in favor of a smaller one.

Though the French have experimented more largely than any other nation in this direction, whatever they may have done heretofore is shown to be very unsatisfactory by the fact that the Ministry of Marine has lately called for plans from whomsoever will offer. It is an advertisement to the world to compete. In the mean time there is building in the United States, by the John P. Holland Torpedo-Boat Company, a submarine boat which, if it meet certain requirements, will be accepted by the United States Navy Department.

The proposed boat has the following dimensions:

Length	40	feet.
Diameter	11	"
Displacement, light	118.5	tons.
" with superstructure awash	137.84	"
" submerged	138.5	"
Reserve buoyancy, submerged or awash	0.66	"

The boat is to be propelled in general by steam, using twin screws, and must have a speed of fifteen knots when light and fourteen when awash, with a minimum endurance of twelve hours at this speed.

When submerged she is to be propelled electrically, being provided with a battery of storage cells, and must be able to make, when completely submerged, eight knots, and be able to do this for six hours. She must be able to recharge these storage cells from her own dynamo, the steam-engine being used as a prime motor, and the electric power may be connected directly to a propeller shaft in the axis of the boat, in addition to connection with the main propeller shafts. The electric motor may thus operate a special propeller in addition to driving the main shafts independently of the steam-engines.

She is to have two tubes for automobile torpedoes, of which she will carry five, and will be provided with the usual air plant. Other requirements are:

Ability to reach a depth of twenty feet within one minute after being ordered to dive, the boat running light at full speed and with smoke-pipe at full height.

Power to dive to a depth of twenty feet within thirty seconds, the boat before diving running at full speed with steam-power and with three feet of water over hull, and smoke-pipe up.

With complete submergence and three feet of water over turret, the pilot to obtain a view with a camera-lucida in a tube projecting above the surface.

A turret to rise four feet above the hull, with an armor cylinder of eight inches thickness to protect the pilot's head.

A complete double shell to extend about three-quarters of the vessel's length from the stem.

Ability to stand the water pressure at a depth of seventy feet.

Automatic arrangements for preventing a too deep submergence.

Automatic compensation for weights consumed and independent mechanism for correcting variations in trim due to shifting weights.

Mechanical means for steering a fixed course.

Air to be supplied for crew either chemically or by storage under pressure in tanks.

Apparatus to cause the vessel to rise quickly to the surface.

Ability to maintain an approximately fixed position and definite depth of submergence without undue expenditure of power.

Provision for escape of crew in emergency.

When the vessel shall be completed a test shall be made of its capability of making submerged runs of two miles, at the end of which a torpedo shall be discharged, and strike a target 150 feet long and 16 feet deep, the upper edge being awash. During this run the vessel not to come to the surface more than three times from the time of starting until the discharge of the torpedo, the duration of each appearance not to exceed one minute.

If the boat does all this she will do fairly well, and all that may be expected of a submarine vessel. In the writer's opinion, it is useless to seek to be able to navigate under water for long periods, as there is nothing practical to be gained by it; if concealment from an enemy be arrived at by ability to float awash or to sink at will below the surface, there to remain for moderate periods, we shall have all that submarine boats are capable of.

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Leaving business out of the question, you would never get aboard the *Esmeralda* at Hong-kong and cross the China Sea to Spain's Cuba in the East Indies, the Philippines, if you acted on the advice of those who had never been there but who "knew all about it." But supposing, *nolens volens*, your route lies to Manila, capital of the Philippines—Spain's colony in the East Indies, 700 miles S. S. E. of Hong-kong—you take your bag in one hand and your life in the other, and get aboard the chunky steamer, and after a topsy-turvy three days you are as pleased to see the dark blue mountains which surround Manila Bay as you are to hear from the captain that this was one of the best trips he ever made.

Some of the passengers on the *Esmeralda* are sheep, going over from China to stock the Manila meat markets; and, worse luck, one of them dies, just after the steamer has been boarded down the bay by the doctor and is approaching the long low front line of houses that hug the water's edge. "Fine of $50 if that sheep isn't buried before sundown," says the captain; "can't throw him overboard, either, and fine of $100 if we turn out one beast short at the custom-house. Reckon it's worth the extra $50 to respect the Board of Health." To that end, when the vessel has been tied up to the quay in the Pasig River, a sort of Grand Canal in this city, that boasts of the title "Venice of the Far East," the dead sheep is carried ashore by some of the crew and buried in terra firma, at some little expense.

It is hot at the low custom-house. A glare of sheet-iron roofs and black barebacked natives make it look hotter, and the importunities of Spanish officials, who look over your trunks and you for contraband Mexican dollars, make you fairly boil within. It won't do to boil without, for you can't speak Spanish enough to bring any one up to your temperature. Once done with the officials, who sit in rocking-chairs watching their black orderlies pull your trunk to pieces and smell your medicine-bottles, you are quite ready to bundle into a low barouche drawn by two small ponies, to rattle off up into the city.

Narrow streets, low houses, sidewalks built for one, hundreds of small carriages drawn by smaller ponies, and deep bronze-colored natives with shirt tails flying free are first impressions. Later on you remark upon the absence of glass in house windows, and notice a kind of sliding shutter fitted with honeycombed squares containing translucent sea-shells. You miss the plaster on walls and ceilings, only to find out that, instead of wearing head-protectors during earthquake season, the inhabitants use cloth instead of mortar, and otherwise so look after the construction of their houses that parts of them will not suddenly fall on the dining-table or into baby's crib when Mother Earth stretches herself a point. The big water-main, too, runs right along "top-side" the ground, on smooth cross-pieces, and is thus free to stay where it is even if the earth below tries to throw it out of joint. Of gas-pipes there are none, for explosions would follow dislocations, and the instability of things must be respected. If at the club or in the bungalow you happen to feel the earthquake for the first time, you rather like it than otherwise, but notice that the old stagers turn pale, and either run out-doors or stand squarely under the door-jams.

Everybody smokes—the natives, cigarettes, fifteen for a cent; the foreigners, cigars, $1 50 a hundred, and good at that. All the trams are smoking-cars *de jure*, and the women "light up" as soon as their fare is paid. The city is so generally level that one poor pony goes it alone with the car, and instead of one driver to a pair, there are two drivers to half a horse. One beats the pony with the wrong end of a whip and works the brake, while the other holds the reins and blows a tin horn. Both together just about balance the pompous conductor at the other end of the car, who collects a copper all around every time the car passes a section post, usually two-thirds of a mile apart; and passengers are especially requested to stand in equal numbers only, on both platforms, to prevent derailments. If there are six men at one end and eight at the other, somebody has to stumble through the car from the heavier end to the lighter. Women who carry babies suffering from small-pox are as free to get aboard as any one. Moral—when you ride, take the front seat.

Manila itself holds nearly 350,000 people, 50,000 of whom are Chinese, 5000 Spaniards and Europeans, and the rest native Malays. The last have a weird language of their own—the Tagalog tongue—seemingly made up of a great many combinations, but they can also manipulate Spanish with various degrees of failure. The Chinaman, of course, talks "pidgin Spanish" and "pidgin Tagalog," together with his own Chinese, while the European needs hammer away at little more than the Spanish irregular verbs. The city is built on the flat sandy land formed by old river deposits, and is scarcely more than a foot above high water. Fifteen miles inland rise the high mountains that form the backbone to the island, but within the town itself there is neither mound nor hillock. Down through the city lazily flows the river Pasig, fed from an inland lake lying at the foot of the mountains, and it divides the community into equal parts. Stretching up the right bank, as you enter the river from the bay, lies the old walled city of Manila proper, with its moss-covered walls, its weedy moats, ponderous gates,

heavy drawbridges, and buttressed buildings, while opposite runs the main quay, fringed with small merchant-vessels, steamers, and produce—evidences of the commercial activity in the quarter directly behind. Farther up, beyond the city bridges, the private residences, the Governor's palace, and the green paddy-fields replace the more bustling sights below; and still farther on come the long stretches of graceful bamboo-trees which shade the native hut, and show the stream in its true character. The Spaniard, to whom the narrow streets of Seville are dear, lives within the walled city, with its crowded houses and cramped thoroughfares; but the Englishman, the German, and the native choose the more open suburbs that stretch along the bay or up the river.

The native of Manila started to be a Malay, but with years of Chinese and Spanish influences about him he has passed through a series of gradings that leave him a Filipino nondescript pure and simple. He and all his brothers—sisters too, for that matter—are born gamblers and born musicians. They will play on anything from a harp to a lottery-ticket, and on any evening after dark the little "tiendas" along the roadways disclose many earnest groups huddled under an oil-lamp over their great national card game of "pangin-que." Somewhere in between their love of the lyre and the lottery comes a tenderness for the fighting-cock, and a rooster is to a Filipino what a dog is to the white man. Every mother's son of them owns one, and when he is not talking tenderly to his pet rooster, smoothing out its tail feathers, cleaning its bill, or pulling its leg, he is trotting off with it under his arm for an afternoon call on his neighbor, or for a try at the stakes in the nearest cockpit. And should a native house catch fire, as they often do, the fighting-cock is the first rescued, then the babies of the family (common luxuries in the Philippines), and then the musical instruments. If there is time to spare, the crockery and mirrors sail out of windows, while the bedding is brought down stairs. After everything is burnt up the fire-engines arrive—some of them drawn by native oxen, others by men—and often find there is no water to play with, or that they will interrupt the tramway service if a hose is put across the track. The department officials reach the scene after they have put on dress suits and tall hats, and one of them is just as likely to tell a fireman to chop the tiles off of the roof of some neighboring bungalow as the other is to bid the man with the axe to pay no attention to the order. When the conflagration reaches a field or a grove of thick banana-trees, it generally stops without assistance.

No one sleeps on the ground-floor of a Philippine house, as a rule, owing to the prevalence of a low-lying dampness that leads to fever. When the ground-story is not used as a stable it often goes without employment, and in the native houses it is frequently omitted altogether, leaving the establishment standing on stilts, as it were. Contrary to natural law and biblical suggestions, a native often builds the roof to his dwelling first—that being the most complicated part—and after he has erected the light bamboo frame-work for its support, hoists on the roof from the ground. In good times and active building seasons the nipa-palm, used for the thatching of native houses, is in great demand and commands a good price, but when times are dull and crops poor, the palm-dealers are in despair. But being men of fertile expedients, they bear up against adverse circumstances only long enough to plan for a bull market. Lots are drawn, and some member of the syndicate sets fire to a native village; a thousand houses go up in smoke, and as goes the smoke, so the prices for nipa-palm. What worthy followers of Wall Street!

The captain on the mail-steamer has spoken about house-snakes, but until you have lived in a bungalow and heard them scuffling after rats in the dead of night up among the roof rafters, you think him a man that handles the truth carelessly. These house-snakes are harmless reptiles eight or nine feet long, and they rarely leave the garret rafters. They are good ratters while their appetite holds, but one night of energetic assault is usually followed by a week of torpor and inactivity. The Manila rat is no mean foe. You do not wonder at the bashfulness of a Philippine cat when you wake up to hear one of these rodents dragging your shoe across the floor, and find it partially devoured next morning out in the hallway.

Coming back again to the native himself, you find a lover of leisure. He never hurries, never does to-day what he can leave till to-morrow, and never thinks you will expect him to do otherwise. But these bronze-colored boys—they are boys all their lives—make good servants, if you have plenty of them, and do not attempt to regulate the household with that frequency which is found in the United States army. The same servant will, if called upon, cook, polish the hard-wood floors with banana leaves, drive your ponies, put the buttons in your shirts, and even cut your hair. He doesn't place his arms akimbo and use strong language if you tell him to do something out of his line, but simply says "Si, señor," to everything. If he didn't, he would no doubt get hurt.

This same boy will get a salary of but $4 per month, support a wife and children, who live down somewhere with the horses, and save enough to buy a piece of lottery-ticket each month, or to enter his pet rooster for the Thursday or Sunday matinée at the cockpit; and he doesn't always steal from you either. If this same native cannot honestly earn $4 a month he generally has to steal it, and as a burglar he is novel. At night he strips off his clothes—not much to brag about, anyway—covers his body with cocoanut oil, and prowls about like a greased pig that cannot be caught.

In none of the far Eastern capitals do you hear such good music as at Manila. A native band, of say forty pieces, plays each day on the Esplanade, where society takes its afternoon breath of sea air. At the opera—and Manila can support an Italian company—the orchestra is a native one, and it can render the music in *Faust* or *Lohengrin* with surprising skill. Go to the opera, if you are sceptical, and see what good listeners and how poor conversationists the auditors are. The chandeliers look a bit shaky, to be sure, and out beside the main entrance stand two firemen with hose in hand during each performance; but take the risk of earthquake, of falling lamps, and of a playing hose to see how breathlessly the Filipinos watch the stage. On rainy nights the performance is by mutual consent postponed, and those who have good clothes to wear are much happier than if they had to endanger themselves and their coachmen to a tropical downpour. The opera does not begin till quarter past nine, and does not end till nearly two, but there are little booths across the way where, between acts two and three, the audience takes its midnight lunch of sweets and chocolate.

But the Manila of to-day is not the peaceful town of a year ago, and the opera company have left the scenes of a real tragedy. Revolution has broken out, and old fermenting causes have been followed by explosive effects. The natives have long been looked upon as subjects fit but for servants or taxation. Officials with empty pockets and friars of empty morals long have sought the Philippines—or been sent there—to try their luck at getting rich or growing better. The levies of church and state have played havoc with the small savings of the poorer classes, and have led to the formation of the Masonic orders which to-day back up the attempt to throw off Spanish rule.

The poverty-stricken village of thatched houses, with its grass huts and ill-kempt children, but with its fine "convento" and great church, whose solid walls and lofty transepts could almost shelter the entire settlement, has shown where the drain came on the one side. Those frequent arrests in Manila's streets of men and boys who could not produce receipted tax-bills from their very pockets at the command of the "guardia civil," and who were then pressed into service in the native regiments, to be sent off to fight the wild aboriginal tribes in the fever-stricken districts of Mindanao, that great graveyard for so many at the south, have shown the provocation for revolt on the other. Church and state both to blame.

The kettle had boiled within until last August, when the fires of discontent grew so hot that it boiled over. Spain's capital was to get the first scalding, and a band of desperate natives were to strike the opening blow by taking Manila. The city was wellnigh defenceless, for the local troops and those of Spain were away at the south. Everything seemed favorable. One band of insurgents were to collect from outlying districts at a certain square and to join with another smaller body who were timed to arrive promptly with carts containing arms and ammunition, and had not the latter group lost their courage and failed to appear, the two together must have taken the defenceless city hands down. But, not getting arms, the larger body retired in confusion; the alarm was given, and a terrible massacre, no doubt, averted. The troops were hastily recalled from southern waters, and while the insurgents were making raids, tearing up bridges, and intrenching themselves in native villages outside Manila, investigations were begun inside, vigilance committees formed, and arrests made. The usual scenes of war followed. A hundred suspects were crowded into a small dungeon in the old fort near the river, and next morning but forty were alive. The only entrance to the cell was from above, and during a burst of rain at midnight the officer on guard closed down the trap-door over the iron grating to keep his prisoners from getting wet. But he also kept them from getting air, and next day Manila had her own "Black Hole," with sixty victims to its credit. Indignation was general. The Governor himself was deeply affected, but it was no time for clemency, and arrests went on, deportations were made, and executions done. Since then the revolt has spread into many districts, and the government, with its eye to funds for putting down the outbreak, has sought to find the richest of the native citizens implicated. And it has so found them, with the result that the large estates of some of Manila's wealthiest men with half-caste blood have passed into the state's possession, while the owners have disappeared or been imprisoned. Executions have been frequent. The big band on the Esplanade has discoursed gay music as groups of insurgents, with hands tied behind them, have been shot on the green grass opposite. Spanish priests, who have perhaps in times gone by preached damnation of the soul for the dead relations of those who would not sufficiently contribute to the building of a big church or the buying of new altar fittings, have been remembered, and cut to pieces. Guards have been doubled, moats cleaned out, drawbridges pulled up nightly, pass-words given, and challenges made. Those who could do so have left Manila. Spaniards and Chinese have gone home, and those who could not have moved into the protection of the city walls around old Manila.

And the outcome? A dragging war like that in Cuba? Who knows? Japan wants territory to the south; Russia seeks a new coaling-station. The natives ask the Japanese to help them against Spain; and Spain, with a Cuba in the East as well as in the West, asks Japan as well as the United States to "hold her base." With no interference from the outside, Spain in time should see the rebellion starved out. The natives are poor, and leaders are lacking. The interior shelters many tribes of many tongues, some of whom know not Manila nor Spain. The opposition is not well crystallized, and it is a case of ignorance against intelligence, of black man against white. On the other hand, the Philippines, like Cuba, are a poor fighting-ground for European troops, and the natives can always well intrench themselves behind the almost impregnable barriers of climate and mountain jungle. The revolt has already spread into many districts, and Spain must pursue a scattering warfare which demands both men and gun-boats. While these are lacking, and while covetous eyes to the north continue in their southward gaze, the stability of Spain's throne is threatened, and the *Esmeralda* may some day carry off the pieces.

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THE YEAR 1896.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

ter feeling in England against the Germans, which has not yet wholly died out, and which was emphasized later in the year by the aid given by the Germans to the escape of a pretender to the throne of Zanzibar.

Our own relations with Great Britain have greatly improved. The Venezuela boundary case is about to be submitted to arbitration, and there is promise of a treaty for general arbitration between the two countries.

Matters in Cuba are about where they were. CAMPOS was succeeded by WEYLER early in the year, but nothing has been accomplished by the new Captain-General beyond the killing of MACEO. What effect this will have upon the insurrection remains to be seen. There is pending in the Senate a resolution, introduced by Senator CAMERON, recognizing the independence of the Republic of Cuba. It was reported by the Foreign Relations Committee on Monday, December 21.

In Germany, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Empire was celebrated. Later in the year BISMARCK'S revelations of a secret treaty between Germany and Russia during his Chancellorship caused a good deal of disturbance, but apparently have not terminated the friendship between Germany and Austria or disturbed French confidence in Russia.

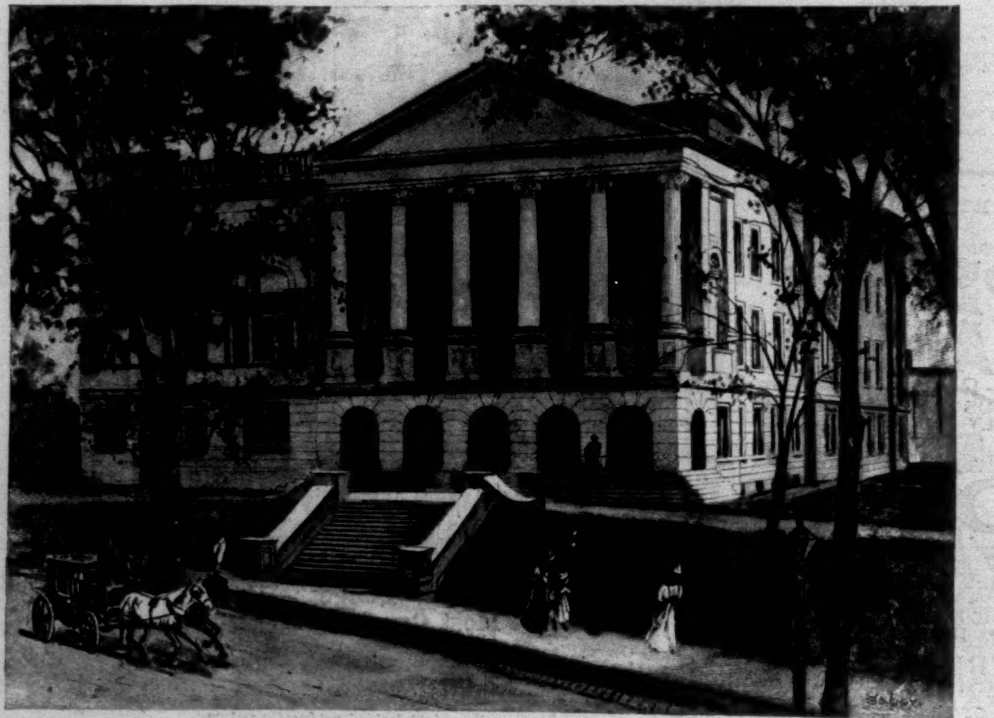
In France, the BOURGEOIS ministry resigned on April 23, and was succeeded by the MÉLINE ministry April 29.

Italy was defeated in Abyssinia. CRISPI resigned, and was succeeded by RUDINI. Peace was subsequently made with MENELEK, for whom Russia had shown her sympathy, the Czar presenting the Abyssinian king with the Grand Cross of St. George. Meantime, in March, Great Britain made a diversion in favor of Italy, and advancing into the Sudan, recaptured Khartoum. The French view this movement as indicating the purpose of Great Britain to retain its hold on Egypt.

The Shah of Persia, NASR-ED-DEEN, was assassinated May 1, and was succeeded by his second son MUZAFFER-ED-DEEN.

Among matters of general interest are the appointment of ALFRED AUSTIN to be poet laureate at the end of last year; the marriage of ex-President HARRISON to Mrs. MARY SCOTT-LORD DIMMICK on April 1; the 776th Olympiad at Athens from April 6 to April 15; the return of Cardinal SATOLLI to Rome, and the appointment of Monseigneur MARTINELLI as his successor; the tour of LI HUNG-CHANG, and his visit to this country; the return of NANSEN, after a journey in which he went further northward than had any of his predecessors.

The necrology of the year is full of distinguished names. Among them are SERGIUS STEPNIAK, the Russian writer; FLOQUET; THEODORE RUNYON, United States ambassador to Berlin; ex-Governors GEORGE D. ROBINSON and WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, and Governor GREENHALGE of Massachusetts; Prince HENRY of Battenberg; Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and Sir JOHN MILLAIS, both presidents of the Royal Academy; GEORGE DU MAURIER; WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON; CHARLES S. REINHART; Sir JOSEPH BARNBY; PAUL VERLAINE; AMBROISE THOMAS; HENRY C. BOWEN; THOMAS HUGHES; Archbishop KENDRICK; Baron HIRSCH; CERNUSCHI; HENRY C. BUNNER; AUSTIN CORBIN; JULES SIMON; BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW; LYMAN TRUMBULL; HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; ANTOINE DE GONCOURT; Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX; Lady TENNYSON; MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (Gail Hamilton); and Prince LOBANOFF RESTOVSKY (Russian Prime Minister).



THE STATE LIBRARY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA'S NEW STATE LIBRARY.

ONE of the most valuable and interesting collections of colonial relics in existence is now in the new State Library at Richmond, Virginia.

The greatest treasure in the collection is the marble statue of Washington, by Houdon. It possesses the merit of being the only effigy that remains of Washington that was actually taken from life. The statue conveys a very distinct idea of Washington, different in many respects, however, from the familiar portraits which for the most part are copies of the same original. In 1784, five years before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the General Assembly of Virginia ordered this statue.

When the statue was provided for, Thomas Jefferson happened to be in Paris, and he engaged Houdon as the sculptor, because, as he afterwards said, "He is, without a rivalship, the first statuary of his age, as the proof of which he received orders from every country for things intended to be capital." Houdon received one thousand English guineas, a trifle over $5000. Besides, the expense of the journey from France to Virginia was paid, and his life was insured during his absence from France at the cost of the General Assembly. Houdon left Paris in August, 1785. In October he reached Mount Vernon. He was treated with great consideration by Washington until the formality of his first meeting wore away. Houdon made known no desire to get to work at the statue, and it is believed that Washington's hospitality grew a trifle cold before the sculptor really set about the work for which he had come over the sea. One morning while the family, of which Houdon had become temporarily a member, was seated at breakfast, a message was brought to Washington, informing him that a pair of carriage-horses had been brought for his inspection, he having made known his desire to purchase a team. Washington left the table presently and went outside. Houdon followed. After a moment's close inspection, Washington asked the price of the animals.

"One thousand dollars," was the reply.

"One thousand dollars!" said Washington, in amazement.

"Ah, I 'ave him! I 'ave him!" broke in Houdon, gleefully. He hurried away, and began work on the statue industriously; and so it is supposed that the expression preserved on the statue at Richmond is the one that appeared on the face of Washington when he learned of what he considered an exorbitant price for the span of horses. With the knowledge of this little incident in seeing the statue, it is not hard to believe that Houdon "had him" in truth, and kept him, for there is an expression of surprise on the face and the lips are compressed. It seems that Houdon, after he got the inspiration he had been waiting for, pursued the work faithfully, gaining Washington's interest and good-will by his perseverance and industry.

The inscription on the Washington statue was written by James Madison many years before the pedestal was ready to receive it. These are the words: "The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given to the world an immortal example of true glory."

Washington himself freely gave his endorsement to the erection of this statue, though with characteristic modesty.

The fifty thousand books comprising the Virginia State Library themselves possess remarkable interest. In this collection is the importation of law books made in 1666 by the House of Burgesses, for the use of the general court and the assembly. This lot of books was the germ of the first public library in the Colonies, with the possible exception of the books at Henrico College. The Virginia public library was not formally founded until 1823, when James Madison offered the bill which established it. The collection of books has been going on slowly ever since. Some of them are extremely rare and unique.

One of the interesting things that have been preserved is the stucco model of the building itself, which was sent from France by Thomas Jefferson. In 1785, when Jefferson was in Paris, certain men who had been appointed to superintend the building of the Capitol at Richmond wrote to him as to the advice of a plan. "Thinking it a favorable opportunity," wrote Jefferson afterward, "of introducing into the State an example of architecture in the classic style of antiquity, and the Maison Quarree of Nismes, an ancient Roman temple, being considered as the most perfect model existing of what may be called cubic architecture, I applied to M. Clerissault, who had published drawings of the antiquities of Nismes, to have me a model of the building made in stucco, only changing the order from Corinthian to Ionic, on account of the difficulty of Corinthian capitals. I yielded with reluctance to the taste of Clerissault in his preference of the modern capital of Scamozzi to the more noble capital of antiquity. To adapt the exterior to our use, I drew a plan for the interior, with the apartments necessary for the legislative, executive, and judiciary purposes, and accommodated in their size and distribution to the form and dimensions of the building. These were forwarded to the directors, and were carried into execution."

The stucco model now to be preserved in the new library is the selfsame model sent over by Jefferson, and the plan he drew for the interior, which was sent with it, is itself also preserved as a specimen of the rude draftsmanship of the famous statesman. The Capitol was started in 1785. The old building is full of the echoes of a glorious past. Here were debated and adopted the famous resolutions of 1798-9, drafted by James Madison, as the true interpretation of the Federal compact. Here sat for part of its session the convention of 1829-30, of which Madison, Monroe, Marshall, and John Randolph of Roanoke were members—all the members constituting the Virginia "Roll of Battle Abbey."

The convention of 1851, which "restored" universal suffrage, and that of 1861, which declared the independence of the Confederate States, sat here. So in 1862 came from Montgomery, Alabama, the Congress of the Confederate States of America, and sat in the old building until that fateful day in 1865 when Lee's defeat at Petersburg made a Congress no longer necessary to the Confederate States. How many of the men whose names will endure as long as history endures were at home in the old building—Washington, Jefferson, Tyler, Madison, Randolph, Patrick Henry, Monroe, Lewis and Clarke, the intrepid explorers of the Missouri, John Marshall, Stonewall Jackson, Henry Clay, Robert E. Lee, Buchanan, Davis, Daniel Boone, Poe, Franklin, even Lafayette! And how many more have heard the echo of their footsteps in the old rotunda! The building is worthy of preservation because of the men it has sheltered, if for no other reason.

Among the relics are portraits, etchings, engravings, and photographs, the work of artists of high repute, and a bust of Jefferson Davis made in the office of the "Confederate White House" in 1862. It is the only bust Mr. Davis sat for while President. Two unique pieces of furniture in this collection of relics are the Speaker's chair and the three-story stove. Of the chair, tradition says that it was made in 1700. It was long occupied by the Speaker of the Colonial House of Burgesses, and, until a few years since, by the Speaker of the House of Delegates. The back of it was formerly decorated with the royal arms of England. These, according to the manuscript history of Virginia by Edmund Randolph, were stripped off by order of the House at the beginning of the Revolution.

The stove, which is of curious design, and much ornamented with figures in relief, was made in London in 1770 by Buzzaglo, a celebrated stove-maker of that day, and was ordered by Lord Botetourt, Governor, as a present to the House of Burgesses. It excelled in grandeur anything ever seen of the kind, and was a masterpiece not to be equalled in all Europe at that time. On the front it has the Colonial arms, with the motto, "En dat Virginia Quartam," and on the other side a figure of Justice, with a scroll labelled Magna Charta, and the very apt motto, "Pro aris et focis." It was used for many years to heat the hall, and some time prior to 1852 was moved into the rotunda, where fire was kept in it during the sessions of the Legislature.

MR. McKINLEY'S CABINET.

THE LATEST INFORMATION FROM AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES.

COMPILED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I've never met McKinley, but I know a lot of men
Who've always been quite close to him, and welcome in his den,
And they have told me several things, that are not public yet,
About our coming President, and who's his cabinet.

There's General Blank, of Illinois, he's known him many a year,
And at the Waldorf t'other eve he whispered in my ear:
"I saw the Major, Saturday"—and here he winked at me—
"It's pretty sure Mark Hanna's going to have the Treasury."

Then Colonel Brown, of Michigan—a splendid orator;
Fought by the Major's side all through our dreadful civil war—
Observed last night: "It's certain—just as positive as Fate!
Mark Hanna's to be in it as the Minister of State."

Then Pinkerton of Maine came down; he was McKinley's chum.
"Tom Reed's not in it," he observed, in accents rather glum.
"And yet I think McKinley's choice of Hanna for the War
Department is a good one. Reed is better on the floor."

Then Binks and Bodwell, Canton men, and friends from early youth,
Gave me two tips direct, and so of course they are the truth—
For Agriculture Hanna's down, and for Attorney-Gen.
Mark Hanna is the Major's choice above all other men.

The Navy goes to Hanna, that's what Perkins told to me,
And none can doubt that Perkins is the best authority;
And Postal Matters all will come into M. Hanna's clutch;
And I am told th' Interior—though he don't want it much.

Now from this information, which has come to me direct—
I haven't got a single doubt it's all of it correct—
I gather that the sporting-men will find it safe to bet
The Major's going to have a most harmonious cabinet.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE SOUTHERN FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1896 was in every way the most successful in the history of the game in that section of the country.

Barring some wrangling that happened at the time of the game between the teams of Vanderbilt University and the University of Nashville, there has been no incident in the course of the season's play which merited censure. It is unfortunate there should have been any disturbance on this occasion, and doubly regrettable since the real cause of it has not received the sensational exploitation given the disturbance itself.

It seems to have been one of those wrangles which will occur where the spectators are extremely partisan, and, because of youth and crudity, not susceptible to restraint. The original sin, it appears, was committed by an interfering spectator on the side-lines, who, together with some of the players, disputed decisions, and, before they had finished, got into a most unwholesome tangle. That the faculties of the universities should take the matter in hand and fully investigate, and visit punishment within their jurisdiction upon whom it was deserving, was of course to be expected, and promptly realized.

IN HAPPY CONTRAST with this unpleasant happening, it is gratifying to record the sportsmanlike and manly bearing of the Sewanee University eleven, and the undergraduates generally, on the occasion of its defeat by Georgia. Indeed, the tone of the *Sewanee Purple*, the university paper, all through the season has been most praiseworthy. It has encouraged the team to sportsmanlike endeavor, and supported the faculty in its efforts to keep athletics wholesome. As an instance of the tone, it gives me great pleasure to quote the following paragraph from the *Purple*, which speaks for itself:

> We do not regard the recent ruling of the faculty, that will prohibit a man that falls below a two in his class-work from taking part in any intercollegiate contest, as inimical to Sewanee athletics. The loss to a team of a player that has not brains enough or determination enough to make that average cannot be deemed irreparable. In our opinion, it will be a good riddance.

Here is a suggestion for some of our Northern colleges. This is the spirit which we commend to the editors of all university papers.

IN THE GENERAL PLAY of the Southern teams there has never been a season when the elevens showed so high a quality of football; many elevens that have hitherto given rather mediocre exhibitions have closed this season with exceedingly creditable records. Beyond that there were no complaints this year, as in previous ones, of the unfair rulings of officials, and the playing-rules, those revised by the University Athletic Club Committee last spring, were adopted by the South *in toto*, and found sufficiently effective. Generally speaking, the members of the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association observed the ethics of sport better than hitherto. A few cases of violation of rules were reported, and promptly dealt with by the officers of the Association. The general spirit, however, was to put forth teams that honestly represented the university, and to play football in a sportsmanlike manner.

Probably Tulane, more than any other college in the Association, needs to look after its athletics a little closer, while, outside of the Association, Central College, Kentucky, should institute some reform in her methods. It seems that while there is nothing to show that the faculties of these colleges were cognizant of the derelictions of their teams, nevertheless faculties are responsible for the athletics of their colleges, and it is noticeable, particularly in the South, that where they pay little or no attention to athletics unwholesome methods are certain to creep in. In those Southern colleges where the professors are actively concerning themselves in the wholesomeness of their sport—Vanderbilt, Sewanee, Georgia, and others—there has been no suggestion of unhealthful methods, and it is altogether probable that in the coming year there will be no occasion for criticism in any of the leading Southern institutions.

IT HAS BECOME VERY GENERALLY RECOGNIZED throughout the country that the active interest of faculties is needful to an assurance of healthful sport; not that the undergraduates are invariably or naturally vicious, but their youthful eagerness to win, and their ignorance of the ethical side of sport, frequently betray them into methods that tend to harmful results. In other words, it has been proved that the faculties may exercise a restraining influence which is immeasurably beneficial. Time has shown that it is much better to guide the undergraduates in the rightful path of athletic endeavor than to view their departure from healthful methods with indifference, and to rest content with subsequently simply punishing flagrant cases.

OWING TO THE GREAT DISTANCES which separate the different colleges, games between many of the teams in the Association could, unfortunately, not be arranged, and hence any attempts to determine the championship in the Association—much less in the South—are wasted efforts.

The University of Virginia, or her supporters, annually lay claim to the distinction of being the Southern champion, but as Virginia this season has played no team farther south than North Carolina, her claim to such distinction is hardly tenable. Besides which, this pursuit of a championship is quite as unwholesome in the South as it is in the North, and in this respect also I look for the South to come up to the Northern standard. There is nothing to be gained by holding up the championship, and there is much to discredit the attempt. No team may claim the championship of any section unless it is prepared to meet all comers. This, of course, is quite as impossible as it is undesirable. The seeking of a championship is not the primal cause for the maintenance of college football, and once that is realized the longest step will have been taken towards an attainment of the highest standard of amateur sport.

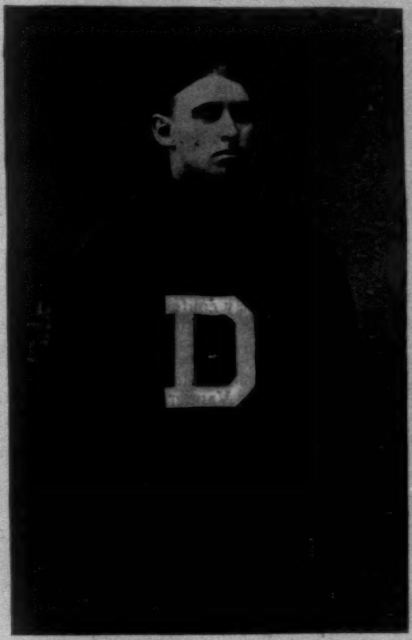
IN THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION two teams passed through the season without sustaining defeat. These were the University of Georgia, which played splendid football in a most manly fashion from the first to the last, and the Louisiana State University. Georgia defeated Wofford College (South Carolina) by 26–0, the University of North Carolina by 24–16, the University of the South (Sewanee) by 26–0, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn) by 12–6, and was probably the strongest eleven in the Association.

Louisiana won over Tulane by 6–0 (a forfeited game), the University of Mississippi by 12–4, the University of Texas by 14–0, and A. and M. College of Mississippi by 52–0. Altogether a very creditable record for a college which is so new to the game.

Louisiana's record is so excellent, in fact, as to entitle the college to a brief recital of its football history. The first football attempt at Louisiana was in 1892, when one of the professors, who had played Rugby in Canada, tried to introduce it—tried only one day, and then gave it up. In 1893 one of the new professors, an old Johns Hopkins man, again started the game, and in order to interest the undergraduates, arranged a match with Tulane. This was played, after only two weeks' practice, by an eleven many of whom had never seen a football before that year, and naturally they were beaten rather badly—32–0.

But Tulane has never achieved another victory over Louisiana.

THE FIRST COACH WAS ENGAGED in 1894—a man without any reputation as such—and in that year three games were played: one with the Natchez Athletic Club, which was



WALTER E. McCORNACK,
Captain of Dartmouth, and one of the best Quarter-backs of '96.

won by a score of 36–0; a second with the University of Mississippi (Oxford), lost by a score of 6–26; and a third with Centenary, won by a score of 32–0. The next year, 1895, Louisiana, with the same coach, played Tulane for the second time, winning by 8–4. In the same year Centenary was beaten, 16–6, and Tuscaloosa (Alabama) was also defeated, 12–6. This year, 1896, Louisiana secured as coach Mr. A. W. Jeardeau, a Harvard man. The first game, on October 10, ten days after the arrival of the coach, was won over Centenary by a score of 46–0. The next game, with Tulane, on October 24, ended in rather an unfortunate way. The only score in the first half had been a safety against Louisiana; in the second half, after

Clark (Sub.). Moore (Sub.). Wight (L. E.). Blanch (L. G.). Atkinson (C.).
Warner (Coach). Brown (Sub.). Pomeroy (Sub.). Bower (Sub.). Lovejoy (F.-B.). Gammon (Q.-B.). Price (R. G.). Cothran (R. H., Mgr.).

Born (Sub.). Watkins (Sub.). Watson (Sub). Kent (R. T.). Nalley (L. H., Capt.). Walden (L. T.). Dougherty (R. E.).

FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1896—UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

about ten minutes' play, Louisiana had possession of the ball on Tulane's 5-yard line, and had been making gains at will both through her line and around her ends. At this point, without a request for time or any notification being given to opponent, Tulane withdrew one of her players and substituted for him a man named Brooke, who was not and never had been a student at Tulane. Louisiana protested immediately, and Tulane's captain refusing to withdraw Brooke, the referee declared the game forfeited to Louisiana by a score of 6-0.

Subsequently, on November 13, Louisiana beat the University of Mississippi (Oxford) at Vicksburg, 12-4. On November 16 she defeated the University of Texas (Austin) at Baton Rouge, 14-0. On November 20 she beat A. and M. College of Mississippi at Baton Rouge, 52-0. And on November 28 she defeated the Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans, 6-0, visiting the first defeat upon this club team that it had ever received from a college. The comforting feature of Louisiana's season is that all these games—with the exception of the one with Tulane—passed off very pleasantly. There were no wrangling, no attempts to play ineligible men, no foul playing or slugging, and no complaints after the game that the officials had essayed the rôle of robbers. In fact, it was a series of clean, fairly and manly played games.

AUBURN FINISHED THE SEASON a close second to Georgia, defeating Mercer University (Georgia) by 46-0, Georgia School of Technology by 40-0, and Sewanee by 38-6. Her game with Georgia on Thanksgiving day, at Atlanta, which was equalled only in interest by the Vanderbilt-Sewanee game on the same day, was attended by an immense crowd, and valiantly contested from start to finish.

Vanderbilt University did not make the showing she has in the past years. Central University of Kentucky and the University of Nashville both played Vanderbilt tie games, but Vanderbilt succeeded in defeating her old rival Sewanee by 10-4. Vanderbilt did not play Georgia, Auburn, or Louisiana.

Sewanee had a season of alternate good and bad luck. During the first of the season she defeated the University of Nashville, 6-0, Central, 6-4, and the University of Alabama, 10-6, but succumbed to her stronger rivals, as above mentioned.

FROM COMPARATIVE SCORES it would seem that Sewanee ought to have defeated Vanderbilt, but comparative scores, as has been often proved, are not trustworthy.

Central experienced several defeats, but was victorious over Kentucky University, 32-6.

The University of Nashville made a very rapid advance this season in football, not only tying Vanderbilt, but defeating several other college teams by large scores.

Alabama was compelled to cancel most of her dates, but defeated A. & M. College of Mississippi, 18-0.

Of the teams outside of the Association, commendable work was done by the Georgia School of Technology, by Mercer, and by Clemson College, South Carolina.

THE SOUTHERN INTER-COLLEGIATE Athletic Association held a meeting December 19, 1896, at Nashville, when the following amendments to the constitution were adopted:

2. Art. IX., Sec. 4.—After "the beginning of the term" add, in parenthesis, "not counting the opening day."

3. Art. IX., Sec. 6.—Change rule and interpretation to this: "No college official of higher grade than instructor shall play on any of the teams of this Association; but an instructor or college official of lower grade is eligible to play who is at the same time a *bona fide* student, according to Art. IX., Sec. 4, who is not or has not been an instructor or assistant in gymnastics or athletics, and who has held his position for more than two years."

4. Art. IX., Sec. 7.—To be Art. IX., Sec. 12, with these words added: "And a certificate to that effect, signed by the president or secretary of the college represented by such team, shall be presented to the manager of the team within this Association, which certificate shall be forwarded to the President of this Association immediately after the contest."

5. Art. IX., Sec. 7.—"No student who is a regular or special post-graduate of more than two years' standing as such at any college, shall play on any team of this Association."

6. Art. IX., Sec. 8.—"No team in this Association shall play football with any team having a professional on it."

7. Art. IX., Sec. 9.—"Any member of a team using profane or vulgar expressions on the field in a contest of this Association shall be ruled off by the officials for the remainder of the contest."

8. Art. IX., Sec. 10.—"No student shall play on any team of this Association under an assumed name."

10. Art. X., Sec. 1.—Insert after the words, "said offender shall be suspended for," these words: "not less than."

11. Art. X., Sec. 2.—Insert after words, "from this Association for," the words, "not less than one nor more than three years," and strike out the remainder of the section.

12. Art. X., Sec. 3.—Change "Any members in arrears," etc., to this: "If after the expiration of the thirty days limit any members be in arrears, the Secretary shall notify the President, who shall at once suspend said member until the assessment be paid. The Secretary shall also notify the other members of the Association of this suspension."

13. Art. X., Sec. 4.—Substitute the following: "No college in this Association shall engage in any athletic contest whatsoever with a college that has once been a member of the Association and has either withdrawn (without the consent of two-thirds of the members) or been suspended or expelled from the same, until such college shall have been reinstated as a member."

14. Art. X., Sec. 5.—"The captain of any team in this Association who leads or orders his team to perform a violation of any law of this constitution, shall be suspended from playing in future contests of this Association."

15. Art. XII., Sec. 1.—"Any football team leaving the field for any cause until the game has been declared by the proper official or officials as ended, shall forfeit said game, and the score shall be six to nothing in favor of its opponents, regardless of the points which have been scored during the play, unless the winning team has a larger score, when such a score shall be the official one."

18. Art. XII., Sec. 4.—"It shall be the duty of the managers of the teams of each college or university in this Association to send to the Secretary of the Association, within thirty days after the final game of each team, a record, certified to by the president of each institution, of time of matriculation, course of study, date of withdrawal, if occurring within college year or at end of it, of each member of the 'varsity team, and to furnish same to the Secretary of the Association, together with statement as to whether or not any player is or has been an instructor or holder of scholarship or fellowship." *Amended slightly.*

19. Art. XII., Sec. 5.—"No teams except those of members of this Association shall take part in the annual field meet of this Association."

20. Art. XII., Sec. 6.—The present Art. XII. of the constitution.

Nos. 7, 15, and 16 to be called "special playing-rules."

AT THE SAME MEETING, with eight colleges represented, much was accomplished in the interest of wholesome college sport.

Tulane University was suspended in football for 1897 for playing an ineligible man. Captain Genealla, of the Tulane eleven, was prohibited from taking part in future contests between Association teams for "wilfully putting on his team during a game, unknown to his opponents, an ineligible player." That is the way to deal with the viciously inclined in college sport.

Centre College (Kentucky) and University of Tennessee, which do not belong to the Association, were black-listed in football for 1897 for playing professionals.

It was decided to have another track-athletic field-meet in '97, during May, at Nashville.

The following resolution was adopted:—"Whereas it has come to the notice of the Association that a team purporting to represent Yale University is about to make a trip in the South, and that said team has made arrangements for playing a series of football games with athletic clubs and colleges; and whereas the Southern Inter-collegiate Association looks with disfavor upon the proposed Southern trip of the 'Yale Consolidated' football team, regarding such trip as detrimental to the best interests of inter-collegiate football in the South, inasmuch as said team does not represent Yale University—therefore, be it resolved by the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association (1) that no member of this Association be allowed to play any college team unless such team is vouched for by the authorities of the college it purports to represent; (2) that no member of the S. I. A. A. shall allow a student to take part as member of an athletic-club team, and that any student so doing will be ineligible to future contests of the Association."

This is fearless, wise legislation, and I commend it for an example to our own Northern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which pretends to watch over college track athletics, and is a weak-kneed, halting guardian indeed.

APROPOS OF THE COMPARATIVE strength of the national team of this and those of other seasons, we republish by request the list of All-America elevens complete since 1890. In the light of the much greater strength of the later year teams, it will interest college men to find names in this list that six or seven years ago shone as none has since.

1890 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Homans (Princeton), full-back.
McClung (Yale) and Lake (Harvard), half-backs.
Dean (Harvard), quarter.
Cranston (Harvard), centre.
Heffelfinger (Yale) and Riggs (Princeton), guards.
Rhodes (Yale) and Newell (Harvard), tackles.
Hallowell (Harvard) and Warren (Princeton), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Hartwell (Yale), Upton (Harvard), and Morison (Yale).

Back of the line.

King (Princeton), Lee (Harvard), Bliss (Yale), and Trafford (Harvard).

1891 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Homans (Princeton), full-back.
McClung (Yale) and Lake (Harvard), half-backs.
King (Princeton), quarter.
Adams (U. of P.), centre.
Heffelfinger (Yale) and Riggs (Princeton), guards.
Newell (Harvard) and Winter (Yale), tackles.
Hinkey and Hartwell (Yale), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Holly and Balliet (Princeton), Hallowell (Harvard), and Newton (U. of P.).

Back of the line.

Poe (Princeton), Bliss and Barbour (Yale), and Trafford (Harvard).

1892 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Thayer (U. of P.), full-back.
King (Princeton) and C. Brewer (Harvard), half-backs.
McCormick (Yale), quarter and captain.
Lewis (Harvard), centre.
Wheeler (Princeton) and Waters (Harvard), guards.
Wallis (Yale) and Newell (Harvard), tackles.
F. Hinkey (Yale) and Hallowell (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Adams, Newton, and Schoff (U. of P.), and Winters (Yale).

Back of the line.

L. Bliss, and Butterworth (Yale), Poe (Princeton), and Osgood (Cornell).

1893 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Butterworth (Yale), full-back.
Brewer (Harvard) and Morse (Princeton), half-backs.
King (Princeton), quarter.
Lewis (Harvard), centre.
Wheeler (Princeton) and Hickok (Yale), guards.
Lea (Princeton) and Newell (Harvard), tackles.
F. Hinkey (Yale) and Trenchard (Princeton), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Holly, Taylor, and Balliet (Princeton), and Greenway (Yale).

Back of the line.

Ward (Princeton), Thorne (Yale), and Brooke and Knipe (U. of P.).

1894 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Butterworth (Yale), captain and full-back.
Knipe and Brooke (U. of P.), half-backs.
Adee (Yale), quarter.
Stillman (Yale), centre.
Wheeler (Princeton) and Hickok (Yale), guards.
Waters (Harvard) and Lea (Princeton), tackles.
F. Hinkey (Yale) and Gelbert (U. of P.), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Beard (Yale), Wharton (U. of P.), A. Brewer (Harvard), and Holly (Princeton).

Back of the line.

Ohl (Cornell), C. Brewer (Harvard), Thorne (Yale), and Ward (Princeton).

1895 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Brooke (U. of P.), full-back.
Thorne (Yale), captain, and C. Brewer (Harvard), half-backs.
Wyckoff (Cornell), quarter.
Bull (U. of P.), centre.
Wharton (U. of P.) and D. Riggs (Princeton), guards.
Murphy (Yale) and Lee (Princeton), tackles.
Gelbert (U. of P.) and Cabot (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Woodruff (U. of P.), Beacham (Cornell), Chadwick (Yale), and Church (Princeton).

Back of the line.

Minds (U. of P.), King (West Point), Fincke (Yale), and Wrightington (Harvard).

1896 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Baird (Princeton), full-back.
Kelley (Princeton) and Wrightington (Harvard), half-backs.
Fincke (Yale), quarter and captain.
Gailey (Princeton), centre.
Wharton and Woodruff (U. of P.), guards.
Church (Princeton) and Murphy (Yale), tackles.
Gelbert (U. of P.) and Cabot (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Cochran (Princeton), Rinehart (Lafayette), F. Shaw and Wheeler (Harvard).

Back of the line.

Smith (Princeton), Minds (U. of P.), Brown and Dunlop (Harvard).

THERE IS ANOTHER COLLEGE in the middle West which deserves credit for its efforts in the general cause of wholesome sport, and that is Purdue, at La Fayette, Indiana. It is blessed with a faculty that does not believe in viewing the athletic endeavors of its undergraduates with indifference, nor regard its duty fulfilled by merely punishing flagrant offenders against accepted rules. There is an earnest desire to instil the amateur spirit, and to make Purdue an unwavering advocate of honest athletics, with games manfully contested on a fair field and no favor. Purdue's representatives have voiced this sentiment more than once at the college meetings in Chicago and elsewhere, and, so far as I can learn to the contrary, this college shares with Illinois the credit of being the only ones to have literally carried out the provisions of that first Chicago convention on rules.

Although geographical location prevents Purdue from regularly meeting the large middle-Western university elevens, her team has defeated Chicago on the three occasions they have met, while last year a very close game was played with Michigan, in which Purdue disputed some of the decisions. Since 1891 Purdue has outclassed every other Indiana team, with the possible exception of in '93, when with generalship De Pauw might perhaps have won. This year Purdue beat De Pauw, 18-0, and Notre Dame.

Ethically speaking, De Pauw and Notre Dame are still further below the Purdue standard. Notre Dame has long shown persistent disregard of the ethics of college sport, and after this year's exhibition it is not likely Purdue will arrange another game with her. De Pauw is quite as bad as Notre Dame, and is as likely to be ostracized by all colleges which respect the canons of amateur sport, and wish to keep their athletics clean and their teams honestly composed of *bona fide* students.

IT IS A REPELLENT suggestion, and yet perfectly in accord with fact, that not the least obstacle to wholesome, clean college sport in the West is very often the Eastern coach. Too little investigation is made concerning the antecedents of the coach—I mean regarding his character and disposition, and not merely his football record. And yet the quality of football the coach is competent to teach is of immaterial concern as compared with the manner of the teaching and the kind of influence he is apt to exert over his pupils. The character and disposition of the coach are certain to reveal themselves in the character and disposition of the team's play. If the coach has no innate regard for ethics, the team will evince equal disregard. If he has resorted to slugging and unwholesome methods during his football career, the same tactics will be taught the team in his charge. No high-minded, clean-playing coach that I have ever known turned out a team playing what is generally known as "dirty" football. No coach who as a player has been a resolute advocate and exponent of wholesome college sport has ever developed an eleven which was unhealthful in composition and performance.

Western faculties should scrutinize very carefully the previous records of coaching candidates, and exercise extreme caution in a choice. This is particularly so when the candidates are Eastern men, since the Eastern football-player is viewed by the Western player as more or less of an oracle, and what he says and teaches is apt to be accepted, even though on occasion it clashes with the preconceived and natural ideas of fair play.

The natural sentiments of nine out of every ten boys are for fair play; it is the teaching of accepted experts that develops or degrades inherent principles.

THE PROMPT ACTION of Yale's athletic authorities in condemning the unwarranted use of the university name by winter-touring elevens composed of ex-college football-players—who have become professionals—is highly commendatory. It is, however, only what we expected, for Yale is very sound in her ideas of amateur sport. Football-players and undergraduates generally have been warned against joining the so-called "Yale Consolidated" eleven on its proposed Southern tour, and Yale men have shown their good sportsmanship by not only supporting the authorities, but by expressing, individually and collectively, their unqualified disapproval of such schemes.

Perhaps the university sentiment is best revealed by an excerpt from the editorial columns of the Yale *Alumni Weekly*, the official vehicle of both graduate and undergraduate opinion:

We learn with real satisfaction of the attitude of the Yale football-players toward the proposed trip. Such a stand, re-enforced by a vigorous expression of Yale sentiment, will repress this habit of using the name of Yale to carry this, that, and the other irresponsible enterprise. It is no light thing thus to play fast and loose with the name of Yale, and because there is no law that prevents the indiscriminate use of the university's name to further the success of any scheme, mercantile, athletic, or literary, the more necessary is the cultivation of a strong spirit against its appropriation.

This is the kind of sentiment that assures wholesome college sport, and every university should put itself as unequivocally on record as opposed to these men who seek sport simply for what they can get out of it.

If this G. F. Sanford combination does go South, its schedule will be an insignificant one, since none of the leading university or club teams will meet it.

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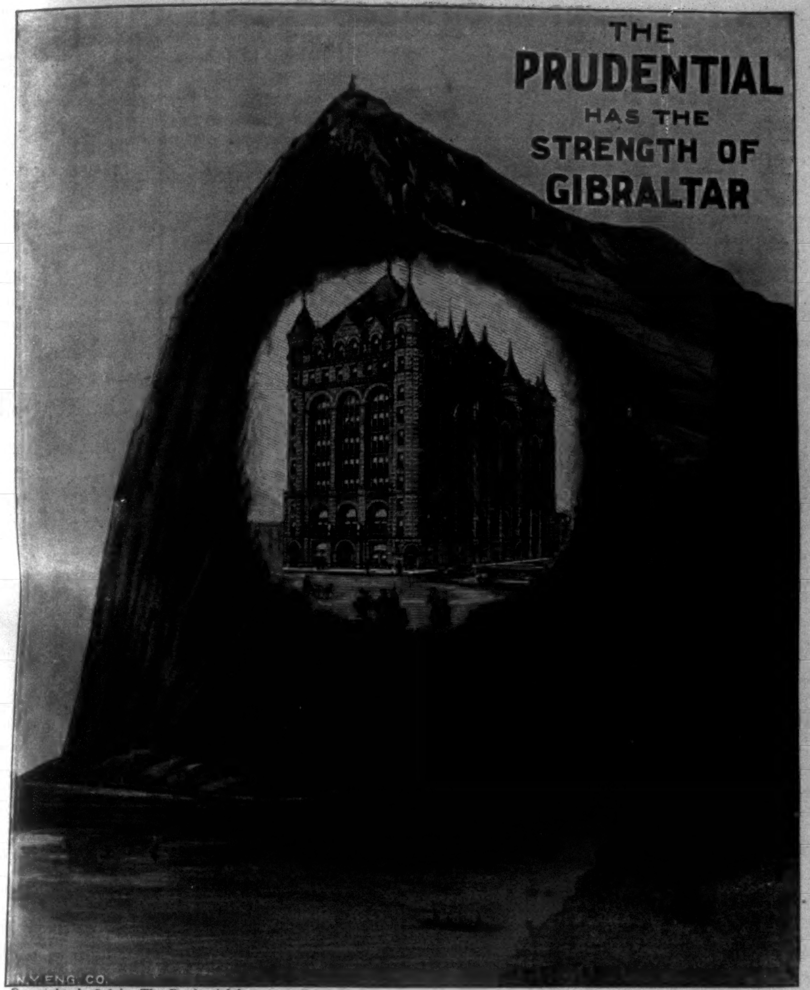

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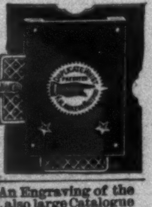

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